

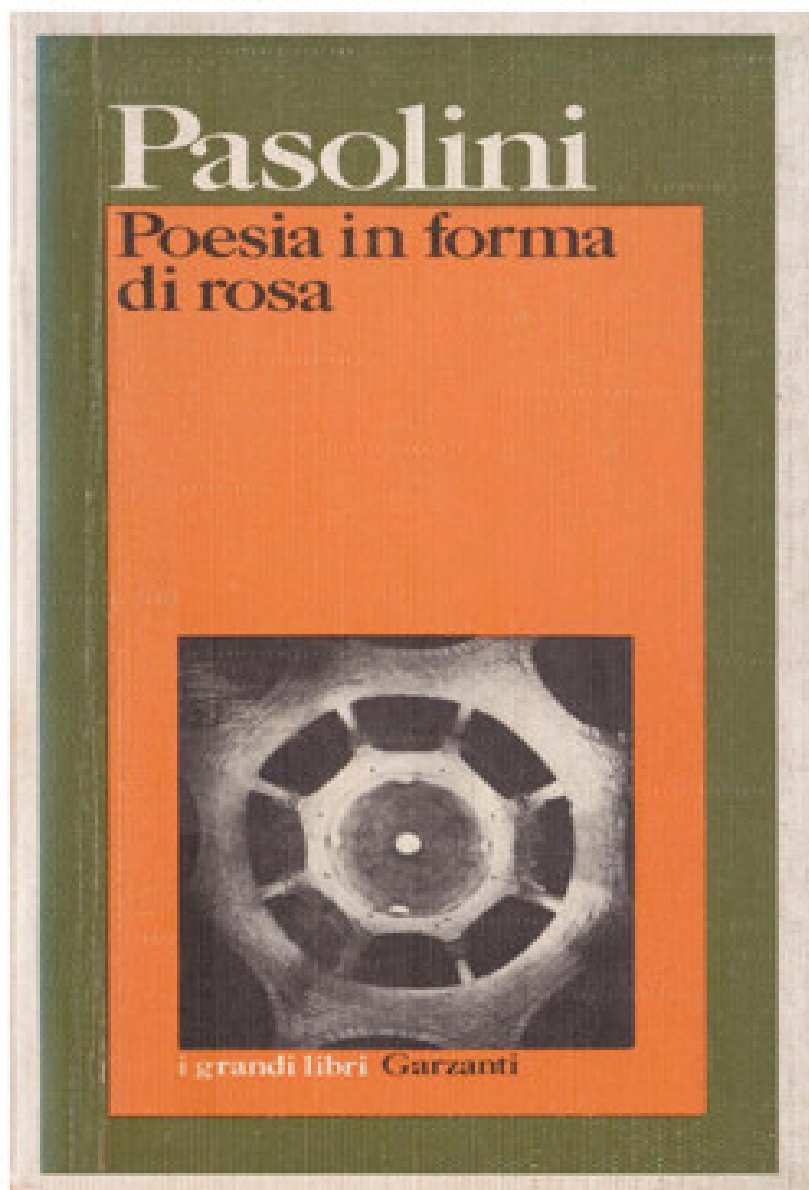
Pier Paolo Pasolini
**Poesia
in forma di rosa**

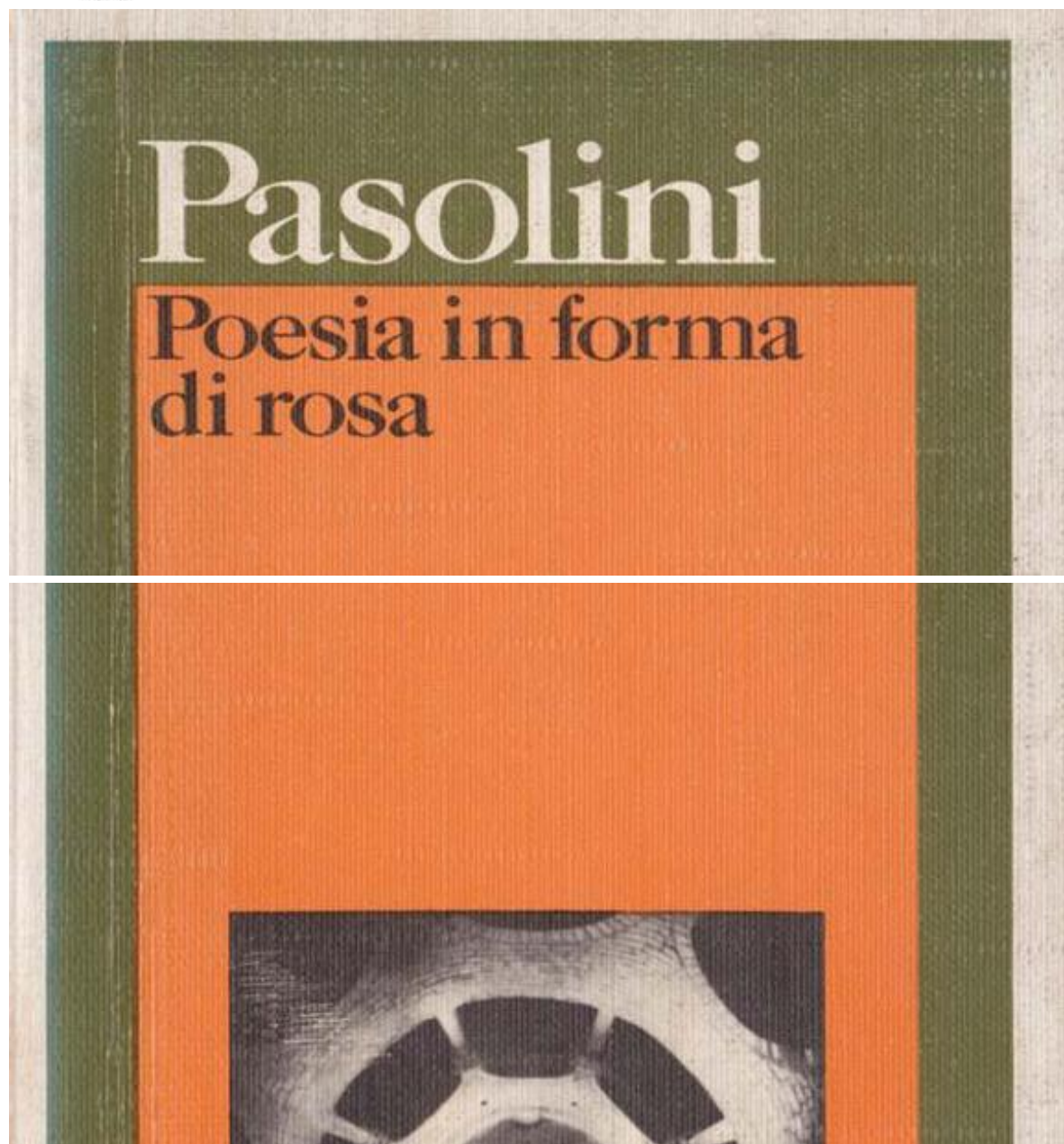
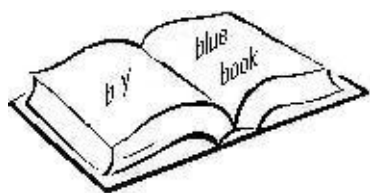
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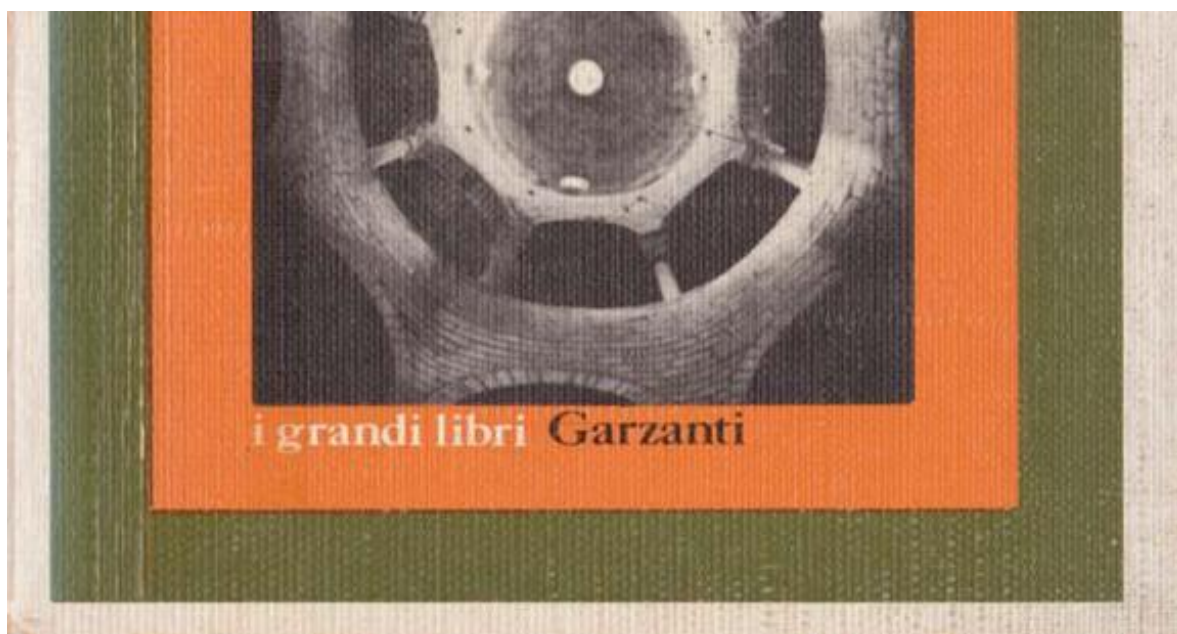


Nella collezione I Garzanti – I Grandi Libri
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In copertina: scorcio della cupola di S. Tomè-Almenno S. Bartolomeo.







Pier Paolo Pasolini

Poetry

in the form of a rose

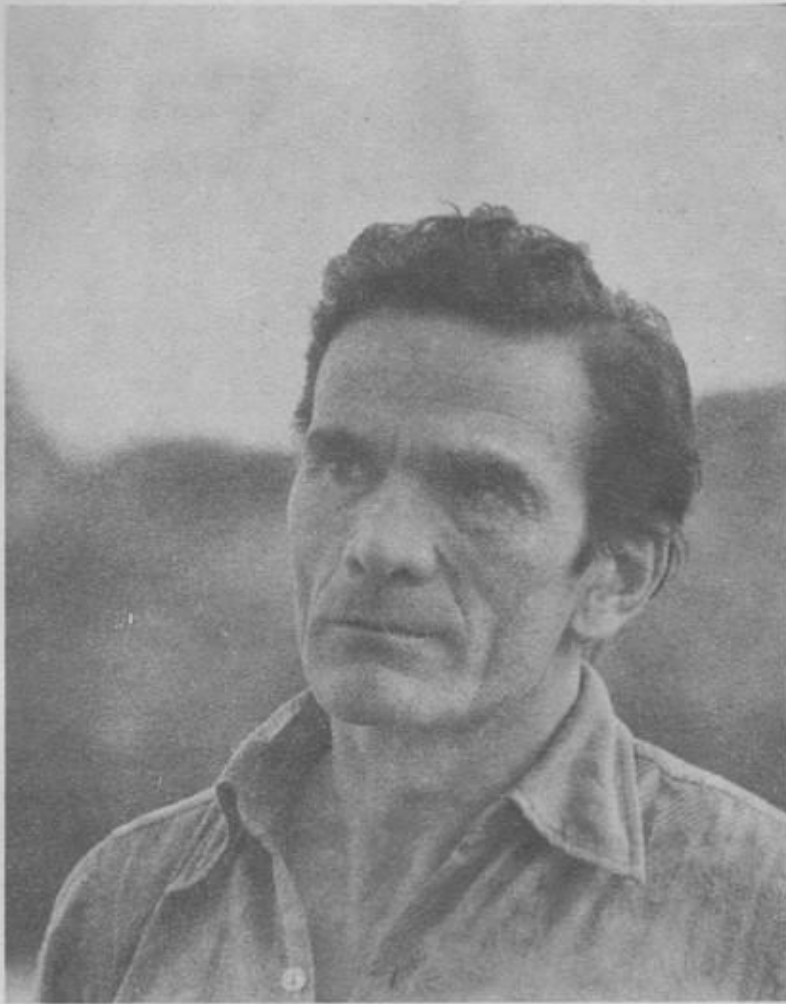
(1961-1964)

In the I Garzanti – I Grandi Libri collection

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On the cover: glimpse of the dome of S. Tomè-Almenno S. Bartolomeo.



Pier Paolo Pasolini (foto di Deborah Beer).

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Life, works

Pier Paolo Pasolini: born in Bologna, 5 March 1922; by Carlo Pasolini, infantry lieutenant, from an old Ravenna family, whose assets he had

squandered; and by Susanna Colussi, teacher, from Casarsa della Delizia in Friuli. Carlo Pasolini's military career forces the family to move frequently: from Bologna to Parma, from Conegliano to Belluno where, in 1925, his brother Guido Alberto was born. «In that period», Pasolini wrote in *Empiricismo Eretico*, «I still got along with my father. I was exceptionally temperamental, that is, neurotic, presumably, but good.

Towards my mother, (pregnant, but I don't remember it) I was in the mood of my whole life, a desperate love." But it is certain from his childhood years that father and mother acquire opposing and decisive influences on him, and the father towers feared and tyrannical. «Passionate, sensual, violent of character», his son wrote of him, «and he ended up in Libya, penniless; thus he had begun his military career, by which he would be deformed and repressed to the point of the most definitive conformism. He had bet everything on me, on my literary career, since I was little since I wrote my first poems at seven years old: he had intuition, poor man, but he hadn't foreseen, along with the satisfactions, the humiliations.» The true dominant figure is the very mild mother, constant object of love, and to whom she will dedicate some of her most shocking verses in maturity. It is not difficult to recognise, even from these scant data, the lines of a great Oedipal conflict, of which Pasolini had a rare and extreme awareness.

In Bologna

The childhood poems were written in Sacile, where Pasolini attended primary school. There were other transfers: to Cremona, Reggio Emilia, where he attended high school and finally to Bologna, where he studied at the Galvani high school, and then at the University ("A mediocre and fascist University," he commented later. "I must except the figure by Longhi who was of great importance to me and to many of my peers or older than me in those years in Bologna.»)

In 1942, while the father was a prisoner in Kenya, the family took refuge in Casarsa. In that year, at his expense, the young Pasolini published *Poesie a Casarsa*, in Friulian dialect: they did not escape the attention of Gianfranco Contini, who reviewed them in the *Corriere di Lugano*. The following year he was a soldier in Livorno: he fled after 8 September and returned to Casarsa.

The death of his brother

In 1945, the death of his brother, just nineteen years old: Guido, who served in a partisan group belonging to the "Osoppo" brigade, was, like his companions, killed by Yugoslav partisans, in what is one of the darkest pages

of the Resistance. The fact that he had initially escaped the massacre made his end more atrocious; and that he, already wounded, was hunted down, found and finally killed. In Pasolini's works we find pain, memory, trauma and mourning for this death several times: openly commemorated in some verses, recalled in cipher, at least in its naked meaning, in the two "Roman" novels. The "dead young man" is one of the major and most painful themes in both *Ragazzi di Vita* and *A violent life*.

Casarsa

At the end of the war: the father's return to Casarsa, with an irremediable worsening of misunderstandings and disagreements; a degree in literature in Bologna, with a thesis on Pascoli; teaching, between '45 and '49, in the middle schools of a town near Casarsa, Valvasone. 18 February 1945 is the date of the foundation, by Pasolini and young Friulian university students, of the *Academiuta de lenga furlana*, a center for philological studies on the Friulian language and culture: in whose notebooks, entitled *Stroligut de ca' da l'aga* (The sorcerer on this side of the water) are stories, essays and poems, many of which in dialect, by Pasolini and other members of the *Academiuta*. The importance of the Friulian period in Pasolini's intellectual formation and ethical choices is well known. These youthful years, lived in a beloved peasant world and studied with true love, he later felt to be mythical (like his own youth), archaic, religious, innocent; hantise of him and his model to be overcome, to be rediscovered, to be brought, perhaps, to completion, not to be betrayed and, above all, to be communicated to others, so that no one ignores or forgets that ancient freshness. From the depths of those days he found, from the beginning, Mani, Lares and Penates of him and of that Italy which he will indicate, in Dante's style,

"humble", and authentic, and of which, in his last writings, he will announce the almost total disappearance with accents that will arouse rebellion and scandal. Closely linked to her perception of the peasant world is the observation of the world of the underclass of the Roman suburbs. In an interview with *«La Stampa»*, (1 January 1975) you said of the villages: «It was a degraded and atrocious world, but it retained its own code of life and language which nothing has replaced. Today the kids from the suburbs ride motorbikes and watch television, but they no longer know how to speak, they barely grin. It is the problem of the entire peasant world, at least in the Centre-South." In his master lines, Pasolini's civil and literary commitment was formed in Casarsa.

The poems written between '43 and '49 (collected in 1958 in *The Nightingale of the Catholic Church*) reveal this and the contemporary political turning point of the young writer: the last part of *The Nightingale* is entitled *The Discovery of Marx*. In that same period, after the struggles of the Friulian laborers, he wrote the prose of *I giorni del lodo De Gasperi* (which would become the novel *The Dream of a Thing*, from 1962).

The Casarsa years were therefore indelible. Equally the departure - the escape, as Pasolini defined it - from those places. The fact that on the eve of the 1948 elections

a boy confessing to the parish priest of Casarsa that he had had relations with Pasolini quickly made life impossible for the young teacher.

Roma

He went with his mother to Rome, and lived, at the beginning, very difficult years, in which he was "a desperate unemployed person, one of those who end up committing suicide". He first lived in Piazza Costaguti, at the Portico d'Ottavia. Then in the hamlet, in Ponte Mammolo, near the Rebibbia prison. Recording such changes of address would have relative importance for another writer: but these names, these places, such as via Fonteiana, where he went to live as soon as his economic conditions improved, are familiar to his readers: because of these experiences, and the visions and the landscapes connected to them have nourished, in part, verses and prose.

The father soon joined them, reporting the conflicts that Pasolini was able to see almost with tenderness, certainly with pity, only after his death. In the meantime he had managed to get a job as a teacher in Ciampino, at 27,000 lire a month; and later, thanks to Bassani, he will be able to work on some film scripts; which made it possible, after some time, to move with his parents to Monteverde, in via Fonteiana ("my father was finally able to undertake a move that gave him satisfaction, that stirred in him the pleasure of command, of vanity, of bourgeois decorum »). In 1954

Meanwhile, the collection of his Friulian poems was released, with the title *The Best of Youth*; two years earlier, he had published an important study on twentieth-century dialect poetry, in collaboration with Marco Dell'Arco.

In 1955, Pasolini, together with Roversi, Leonetti, Romanò, Fortini, worked on the magazine

«Officina» which remains, despite its short duration (an epigram by Pasolini against Pius XII marked its end in 1959) an important testimony of part of Italian intellectuals in the face of problems that they felt were faced by

most with automatism and conformism . Passion and ideology (1960) and the lyrics of The religion of my time (1961) represent Pasolini's contribution to «Officina».

«Kids of life»

1955 is also the year in which Pasolini published his first major literary success, the novel he had been developing since 1950: Ragazzi di vita. The topic, of a crudeness which was then completely unusual in the Italian literary panorama, the linguistic experiment carried out in transferring and recreating the language of an under-proletariat never seen before with an eye so little inclined to veil the obvious truthfulness of the story, and the pity and the art that held together the various episodes that make up the book attracted the attention of both the public and professionals. We quote here the words of Gianfranco Contini, who spoke of it as a Picaro-Roman epic, adding

«Singular that for it, ordinarily indulgent nostrils believed themselves obliged to make themselves so emptied. Isn't it a novel? In fact, it is an undaunted declaration of love, proceeding through "narrative fragments" within which, moreover, there are sequences very in tune with the most authoritative narrative tradition, that is, nineteenth-century". Twenty years after publication, the value of the book proves to be well above that of a simple heartbreaking document and the painful poetry of the tingling of teenagers and children in a sort of urban desert, of the long nocturnal scenes of ribald exploits is intact. or cruel, in which death often flashes; which is fully described only at the end, when little Genesius is dragged away from the river, in a way so devoid of dramatic outcry that it takes on the function of a symbol. For this book Pasolini was put on trial for "obscenity": the accusation is now untenable but in those years, however absurd it was, it had a precise persecutory meaning. What the charge of "obscenity" and, above all, the trial represented for the writer can be judged from his verses:

He was waiting for me in the sun of the empty square
the friend, as if uncertain... Ah, what a blind rush
in my steps, which blinds my light running.
The morning light was the evening light:
I noticed it immediately. He was too alive
the brown of his eyes, falsely joyful...
He told me the news anxiously and mildly.
But human injustice was more human, Attilio
if before hurting me she passed through you...

«Gramsci's ashes»

This is *Recit* in Gramsci's Ashes. The fact that Pasolini used here without any shyness, that is to say without the need for ironic filters, one of the most forbidden meters of Italian poetry, Pier Jacopo Martelli's false Alessandrino, to express his emotion at the announcement of the trial given to him by friend Attilio Bertolucci, suggests a lot about Pasolini's art. Who knows the detested chant of that meter, who knows with what force the "Martelliano" evokes, in its absolute ease and readability, the flat "civilization" and the "raisonnable" of a certain eighteenth century which contained tragedies and passions within confines as domestic as possible, he also knows what mastery and what drama led Pasolini to choose and thus transfigure such an aged and remote literary model.

With the collection of the lyrics of *Le ceneri di Gramsci* in 1957 (awarded that same year in Viareggio) Pasolini confirmed himself as a great poet: in paving the way for a new poetry of civil commitment, without giving up the expression of his doubts, his anguish or irresistible joys, using, as in the aforementioned *Recit*, an obsolete metric, in a procedure that is disruption and quotation at the same time. That year his father died: «he didn't want to take care of himself, in the name of his rhetorical life. He didn't listen to me and my mother, because he despised us. One night I came home, just in time to see him die."

«A violent life»

In 1959 he published the novel *A Violent Life*. With this book Pasolini becomes one of the very few Italian writers whose fame has transcended his homeland's borders. Eleven translations and fifteen reprints in Italy. It is the other part of what we can call the diptych of the Roman villages. More compact and dramatic than *Ragazzi di vita*, it has a real protagonist in the boy Tommaso Puzzilli. The years have taken nothing away from the desperate and ferocious beauty of the book, from the purity of the lines of a drama truly fixed in unchangeable words: that of a young boy excluded from the start, despite his every attempt, from his true being and, finally, removed to existence tout court. Also in this case the scenario is the Rome of the disinherited, here too the actors are the "children of life" and many of the deeds are still criminal expedients halfway between killing time and pure survival. The story is less nocturnal than the first, and the characters are less childish: the observation and exposition of physical and moral misery is equally implacable, and the tool of slang language has become even more perfect. The chorality of *Ragazzi di vita*

gives way to the fatal precision that dominates Tommaso's short life, leading him through forced stages to death which has its remote reason in the hardships endured. The boy's care and hard odyssey is given greater scope and poetic dimension by the fact that the catalog does not miss the joys, the whims ("I was rich, and I didn't know it!" Tommaso will say, looking at a group of kids) and the irrepressible hopes. A sure hand, dry eyes, unity of inspiration: this is how Pasolini follows the figure of Tommaso in his falsely arrogant steps, in his beating heart, in his frowning silences, in his blushes. In the final chapters, apparently unrelated or causal events complete, with the marvelous coherence of the inevitable, the circle of Thomas' days: the announced illness, his joining the party, the hurricane.

Breaking away from the chatter in the bar, he goes, when "those from the party" come to ask for help for a neighborhood inundated by the flood, chased by the last and prophetic joke of his old friends: "St. Thomas, the saint of flood victims".

The cinema

Starting in 1960, Pasolini discovered in cinema an expressive medium that proved to be extraordinarily suited to his stylistic research and his need for immediate visual communication. The beautiful *Accattone* of 1961 completes the discussion begun with the novels of the suburbs, fixing in images what was splendid or atrocious that had escaped the written word. In a few years Pasolini made a series of films in which every achievement of neorealism was assimilated and immediately surpassed and which placed him among the major Italian directors (*Mamma Roma*, 1962; *La ricotta* in *Rogopag*, 1962-63; *The Gospel according to Matthew*, 1964 ; *Birds and birds*, 1966; *Edipo re*, 1967; *Teorema*, 1968; *Porcile*, 1969; *Medea*, 1970; up to the "trilogy of life" or of eros, of *The Decameron*, 1971; *The Canterbury Tales*, 1972; *The Flower of the Thousand and One Nights*, 1974; *Salò or the 120 days of Sodom*, 1975). Often violently discussed, these films faithfully reflect the stages of their author's intellectual and ethical evolution; which is created, with every means offered to it by the human artistic heritage, be it music, painting, literature, a style that always lyrically transfigures the story. This inner evolution leads Pasolini to truly high and new results in opera: because in *The religion of my time* (1961), in *Poesia e forma di rosa* (1964), in *Transumanar e organizer* (1971), the intimate diary, the controversy always more bitter as his figure becomes public, the refusal to pacification, a desperate love for life, his own painful eros, have accents of freedom and courage that have few comparisons in Italy, and are

expressed in a style that has made people talk of splendid mannerism, of funereal and baroque passion. Minor in comparison are the recent works of fiction: the novel *The Dream of a Thing* (1962), the stories of Ali with blue eyes (1964) and the remarkable *Teorema* (1968) in which the metaphor of religious meaning is evident, in *The irruption of the divine* in a typical family in wealthy Milan.

The last years

In recent years - in evaluating his figure as an artist, it is necessary to underline the versatility and incessant activity, the exceptional creativity of Pasolini - he had intensified his polemical and essayistic interventions, some of which are collected in *Empirismo eretico* (1972) and in *Corsair writings* (1975). Pasolini was among the greatest instigators of intellectual scandal; it can be said that he has already been so since the time in which he was an unknown poet and philologist, although, obviously, in a much less sensational way; and moreover the number of complaints, some of which were gratuitous or completely imaginative, that he brought upon himself, is in itself significant. These polemical writings were destined to arouse violent reactions or criticism also because they transparently reflected Pasolini's personal tragedies and the defenseless reliance on everyone's eyes and mouths could also appear to be immodest and a provocation to martyrdom. Whatever the subject addressed, a sort of search for the absolute always emerged, a search for "morality" in the highest sense of the word which was, to most, disconcerting. In the profound awareness and acceptance of his condition as "different", and therefore as "excluded", as "pointed to", Pasolini intervened in the most heated discussions with the vehemence of the meek in the face of real scandal, the authentic violence of hypocrisy and false tolerance.

At dawn on 2 November 1975, Pasolini was found killed in a sandy clearing near Fiumicino, against a background of shacks and rubbish, in a place that was well known to him. The crime scene, the probable circumstances of his death, the fury exerted on his body: everything contributed to making Pasolini's end obvious and incredible at the same time, as a suicide could be. Pasolini's certainties about the blind violent banality that could be seen growing around took shape so quickly that they seemed to most to be the omen of a destiny partly designed by himself. What is certain is that the premature silence of such a voice, of such a fierce and sharp intelligence, of a spirit so attentive to every human thing, is a great tragedy of the Italian culture of these uncertain and upset years.

«Poetry in the form of a rose»

If in *The religion of my time* the symptoms of a profound change in the progress of Pasolini's poetry could be recognised, it is certain that in *Poetry in the form of a rose* (1964), this change takes place in a completely manifest way. This volume, in fact, marks a probably decisive turning point in Pasolini's poetic career. There is an almost total abandonment of that uniformly elevated tone that had characterized the extraordinary homogeneity of Gramsci's *The Ashes* and which had now appeared at least partially worn out, to the author himself, in the following book. Almost abandoning the meditative calmness that had produced excellent results, Pasolini calls everything into question and directs his poetic work in a direction that is at times opposite to the previous one. It opens up, or tends to do so, in an almost desperate form, to an autobiographical and once again polemical effervescence, which in a certain sense runs through the most notable features of his poetry over the years in a surprising way.

'70. The author, his I, is always and totally in the foreground; as in a convulsive, painful diary, or in a true autobiographical novel, he focuses on disparate and often shocking experiences. There is space, therefore, for the trials unjustly suffered, some key stages of his activity as a director (*Mamma Roma* from 1962 and *The Gospel according to Matthew* from 1964), chronicles of travels in Africa and Asia, the new and always disturbing political and ideological. But in all this and from all this there is above all room for a bitter conclusion on how much in him and around him, as a result of a constant and dramatic acceleration, at least apparently almost irreversible, this first glimpse of the '60s seems to fall into an abyss, as in the dark beginning of a new Prehistory. And the poet therefore feels his relationship radically changed not only with what surrounds him, but also with the more recent past, with the previous decade from which convictions and hopes had already blossomed which had already miserably foundered or suffocated. In the over two hundred pages of *Poems in the form of a rose* one can sense the sense of a breathless tension, of a suffering that is never appeased, of a continuous twisting of the author on himself, as he explicitly states, in «a natural need to hurt my wound / always open". He never stops questioning himself for a single moment ("I have reduced myself to this: when / I write poetry it is to defend myself and fight, / compromising myself, giving up /

to all my ancient dignity: / thus, that elegiac heart of mine / of which I am ashamed (...))» appears defenseless to seek new explanations. but what is most

able to emerge in the book is precisely the persistence and accumulation of an unresolved torment, of a new sense of absolute impotence to modify reality, which requires, moreover, an increasingly lively, urgent and timely of denunciation, of active civil presence, which takes on a priority character compared to the stylistic choices themselves. Pasolini, in short, as he will do even more violently later, also using more direct tools of poetry, tries to say, and say at all costs and immediately. Consequent to this is the change that occurs, especially in the second part of the volume, albeit with frequent recoveries, in the tone and compositional structure of Pasolini's poems; tone that often lowers and structure that tends, even compared to *The Religion of My Time*, to become gradually more open and adaptable. Just as the triplet is increasingly abandoned in favor of forms that ignore any formal conditioning, towards an already decidedly aggressive, provocative pronunciation.

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R.G.

I - THE REALTÀ

BALLAD OF MOTHERS

I wonder what mothers you had.

If they saw you at work now

in a world unknown to them,

taken in a never completed tour

of experiences so different from theirs,

What look would they have in their eyes?

If they were there while you were writing

your piece, conformists and baroques,

or you pass it on to broken editors

with every compromise, would they understand who you are?

Cowardly mothers, with fear on their faces

ancient, what such an evil

distorts the features into whiteness

that clouds them, distances them from the heart,

it closes them in the old moral refusal.

Cowardly, poor, worried mothers

that children know cowardice

to ask for a place, to be practical,

so as not to offend privileged souls,

to defend themselves from all pity.

Mediocre mothers, who have learned

with the humility of little girls, of us,

a single, naked meaning,

with souls where the world is damned

to give neither pain nor joy.

Mediocre mothers, who didn't have

never a word of love for you,
if not of a sordidly silent love
of a beast, and they raised you in it,
powerless to the real calls of the heart.
Servile mothers, accustomed for centuries
to bow your head without love,
to pass on to their fetus
the ancient, shameful secret
to be content with the remains of the party.
Servant mothers, who taught you
how the servant can be happy
hating those who are, like him, tied up,
how can it be, cheating, blessed,
and safe, doing what he doesn't say.
Fierce mothers, intent on defending
the little that bourgeois people possess,
normality and salary,
almost with anger of those who take revenge
or be caught in an absurd siege.
Fierce mothers, who told you:
Survive! Think of yourself!
Never feel pity or respect
for no one, brood in the chest
your vulture integrity!
Behold, vile, mediocre, servants,
ferocious, your poor mothers!
Who are not ashamed to know you
- in your hatred - even proud,
if this is nothing but a valley of tears.
This is how this world belongs to you:
made brothers in opposing passions,
or enemy homelands, with profound rejection
to be different: to respond
of the wild pain of being men.
THE GUINEA
Sometimes there is something inside us
(which you know well, because it is poetry)

something dark in which it becomes bright
life: an internal cry, a nostalgia
swollen with dry, pure tears.
Walking along this very poor street
of Casarola, destined for darkness, for acres
twilights of Christian winters,
here we become, in that cry, sacred
the most common, the most useless, the most helpless
aspects of life: four houses
of mountain stone, with interiors
black with sterile misery - a phrase
alone suspended in the sad air,
dry stable smell on the base
of the never-extinguished frost - and, honorary,
shy, the summer: the summer, with the bodies
sublime chestnut trees, dense here, rare there,
arranged on the slopes - like cripples
or giants - from Beauty alone.
Ah forest, cleansed inside, under the strong ones
profiles of the foliage, which break,
they take up the motif of a rustic painting
but refined - the Garutti? the Collezza?
Not Correggio, perhaps: but certainly the taste
of sweet and great mannerism
that he touches with his sweetly robust whim
the roots of living life: and it is realism...
Under the warm chestnut trees, then, in the void
which is dug in the middle, like a chrisim,
it smells like rain cooked in the sun, little:
a memory of my disoriented childhood.
And, there at the end, the remote little wall
of the cemetery. I know there is hope for you
it's not wanting it, hope: just having
this kennel for the thousand evenings ahead
moving away that evening, which to them,
fortunately, so sweetly it resembles.
A doghouse in your golden Apennines.

Guinea... Apulian dust or mush
Po Valley, recognizable in the imagination
so attached to the land, to the family,
as is yours, and as is mine too:
I saw those colors in Kenya
without halftone, without irony,
purple, green, green, blue, gold,
but not profuse, rather, scant, stingy,
lit here and there, among voids and smells
inexplicable, above beehive dust
red-hot... Purple is a little skirt,
green is a stripe on the backbones
black of an old woman, blue-green of a strange one
fruit shape, on a box,
the blue, some savannah leaves
braided, gold a t-shirt
of a black boy with a powerful womb.
Another flick of the thumb has Beauty;
shapes other cheekbones, resents it
on other foreheads, draw other napes.
But Beauty is Beauty, and does not lie:
here she was reborn among curly souls
and snubs, between skins as sweet as silk,
and wonderfully grown limbs.
The sea is still and colored like clay;
with white houses and palm trees: «strong colours
from a cubist palette", as a poet says
African. And the night! Distorted senses
from all our sweet customs,
are needed to grasp the crazy events
that happen, like plagues, to these moons.
Lost behind metropolis of huts
in a clearing among palm trees as black as feathers,
clove trees, cinnamon trees - and reeds
equal to our own, those scattered around
to every inhabited human - like three fangs,
three instruments played almost from the fire of an oven

inextinguishable, with black cheeks under the coat
of the floppy hats present with every hangover -
they always shouted the same leopard notes
wounded, a melody I can't say:
Arab? or American? or archaic and bastard
remains of a music, whose slow death
Is it the quick death of Africa?
This trio was in the middle, scurrilous
and religious: black-stinking like goats
the three musicians, back to back,
tight, because, around, in two sacred
circles of a few meters, a flood turned around
of thousands of bodies. In the inner circle
they were women walking around, barely leaning against each other
leaping in their dance. On the outside
the males, all young, with trousers
of light canvas, which, around that pin
of trumpets, strangely calm, good,
they walked around shaking their shoulders and hips slightly:
but every now and then, with hunger for lions,
legs wide, lap forward,
they moved as if in an act of intercourse
with his eyes rolling. Beside
the women, light blue robes over black leather
sweaty skin, lowered eyes,
they went around harboring millenary joy...
Ah, I won't be able to resist blackmail anymore
of the operation that has no equal,
I believe in making my thoughts, my actions,
other than what I am: to transform
to the roots my poor person:
it is, dear Attilio, the industrial pact.
Nothing can resist it: you don't see how it sounds
the defense of lay friends is weak
or communists against the vilest news?
Intelligence will never have weight, never,
in the judgment of this public opinion.

Not even on the blood of the concentration camps, you will get
from one of the millions of souls of our nation,
a clear, entirely indignant judgment:
every idea is unreal, every passion is unreal,
of this now dissociated people
for centuries, whose sweet wisdom
he needs it to live, he has never freed it.
Show my face, my thinness -
raise my single, childish voice -
it no longer makes sense: cowardice becomes accustomed
to see someone die in the most atrocious way
the others, with the strangest indifference.
I die, and this also harms me.
Nothing is insignificant to power
industrial! The weakness of the lamb
is no longer calculated without it
labors in its pretexts from a brain
which destroys what it must destroy:
nothing to do, my uncertain brother...
It requires a courage that eludes me
completely real, it belongs to another story;
I'm called a mangy lion who roars
against servants or against abstractions
of the exploiting power:
ah, but my passions are not sports,
my naive anger is not a competitor.
There is no proportion between a new mass
predestined and an old self that says
his reasons at the risk of his carcass.
It's not duty that keeps me from searching
a world that was ours in classical
power of elegy! in allusion to a fatal
to be men in human proportions!
Greece, Rome, the small immortal towns...
A romantic anxiety that seemed lifeless
survival, grows monstrously,
occupies continents, immense islands...

annex Gods of millions of fords, perceives
the smell of forty degree humidity
above zero properties in the coasts, Mogadishu
and the bougainvilleas of Nairobi, the wild smells
some decomposed beasts in a wild animal
gallop, for the gutted, the sparse
horizons pervaded by a funereal manure;
the quantity, the immensity that weighs
uselessly in the world, whose meadows burned
or rotten ones of water, they are an expanse
devoid of possible poetry, a crude thing
remained there, at the beginning, without waiting,
under a mechanical sun that, ages
and as soon as it is born, it undergoes as infinity.
The result is a beastly pink color
where the village sex that everyone has
drawn in cheerful cotton trousers,
in skirts bought in Indian stores,
with only eyes and peacock circles,
like an island floats in an ocean
still buzzing from an explosion
recent and sunk into the tides...
Flowers all of one color, of cotton,
eyed and circled populate the Guineas
floating in the stench of a kill,
in the flesh of summers always fierce
to devour foods that the night imposes
the equatorial hues of early death,
the blue and the purple and the horrible dust,
freedom, which gives birth to the people with a voice
familiar, and, in reality, terrible,
the black of the villages, the black of the colonial ports, the black of the
hotels, the black of the tents...
E... alba pratalia, alba pratalia,
alba pratalia... The white meadows!
So I wake up in the morning, in Italy,
with this idea of tired millennia

branded in the brain: the white meadows
of the Municipality... of the Diocese... of the Banchi
Tuscan or Cisalpine... the ones recalled
in the Latin of the hard, sweet Salimbene...

The world that is in a text, the States
enclosed in a surrounding wall - the veins
of rivers that are little more than canals,
mirrored between supreme gaggle
- the ruins, consumed by rustic rains
and liturgical alone, in whose light
Europe is so small, it doesn't rest
than on the reason of man, and leads
a life made for oneself, out of habit,
for its sparse classicisms.

There's no escaping it, I know. Negritude
it is in these white meadows, among the sheaves
of sharecroppers, in solitude
of the little squares, in the heritage
of the great styles - of our history.

Negritude, I say, which will be reason.

But here in Casarola the sun shines
who, dying, withdraws his light,
certain allusion to a finished love.

WORLDLY POEMS

April 23, 1962

A blanket of primroses. Sheep
backlight (put it, put it, Tonino,
the fiftieth, don't be afraid
let the light flow - let's do it
this cart against nature!).

The warm cold grass, tender yellow,
old new - on the Holy Water.

Sheep and shepherd, one piece
of Masaccio (try the seventy-five,
and trolley up to the first floor).

Medieval spring. A heretical Saint
(called Blasphemy, by his cronies.

He'll be a pimp, as usual. Ask
advice to the grieving Leonetti
on prostitution in the Middle Ages).
Then vision. The popular passion
(an endless tracking shot with Maria
who advances, asking in Umbrian
of the son, singing the agony in Umbrian).
Spring brings a blanket
of hard, tender grass, of primroses...
and the atonia of the senses mixed with lust.
After the vision (revelry
mortuaries, impious - of whores),
a "prayer" in the burning meadows.
Whores, pimps, thieves, farmers
with his hands clasped under his face
(all with fifty backlight).
I will tour the sunniest Apennines.
When the Sixties
they will be lost like the Thousand,
and mine will be a skeleton
without even nostalgia for the world anymore,
what will my "private life" count,
miserable lifeless skeletons
neither private nor public, blackmailers,
what will count! My tendernesses will count,
it will be me, after death, in spring,
to win the bet, in the fury
of my love for Holy Water in the sun.
April 23, 1962
Skeletons in Tuscan dress,
Battistoni's tie (in the millions,
Easter Monday is enough to give you an idea).
Convex and immense meadows, in panoramic view,
show groups worthy of Mizoguchi
(the grass - grown by the cursed one
intoxicating April light, light
for stinking shepherds - below,

universal background: on the surface,
surviving grisailles, green cappelletti
on brick red or dark brown jackets,
shiny utilitarian cars, picturesque
groups, playing ball,
has a lunch on the grass, in ozio,
with awnings or carpets in the sun:
and behind, the eastern villages,
precisely: quicklime and bricks,
on Capernai without roofs, squared,
in expanses on the profile of the meadows
convex, immense, where they graze
the millions of living skeletons).
Moravia consoles me about their plans:
make me die from scandalous cancer,
they wouldn't want it, because I would belong,
finally, to the ruling class.
(.....
..... [omissis]) Ah, bourgeoisie
yes, you mean hypocrisy: but also
hate. Hate wants the victim, and
the victim is one. The light is monumental,
come on, come on, let's take advantage of it, come on
the fifty and the trolley in front:
Mamma Roma and her son are coming,
towards the new house, among fans
of houses, where the sun lays wings
archaic: what wallpapers, go ahead
of these bodies in motion statues
wooden, Masaccesque figures
deteriorated, with white cheeks
white, and opaque black dark circles
- dark circles from the times of primroses,
of cherries, of the first invasions
barbaric in the «ardent
Italic solicelli»... They are altars
these wings of the Ina-Casa,

fleeing in the Bullicking Light,
in Cecafumo. Altars of Glory
popular. I think peacefully about mine
skeleton, to my dust,
over the millennia: and with pain for the skeletons
living of the bourgeois who seek
evil - true, Possession,
pretextual, Sex - where death
it is more impartial in dissolving.

April 25, 1962

When a crew invades the streets
tonight, it will be a new era.
Therefore: enjoy this pain too.
The idea of making a film about your suicide,,
thunders over the millennia... it reunites, backwards,
to Shakespeare... it's sex, greatness
of lust, its sweetness...

The protagonist is slaughtered:
an air bubble swells his skin,
he might fly in terror.

A crack runs down the roof of his mouth
to the sternum, and radiates tremors
for the whole body: intoxication
it pierces his stomach, gives him diarrhea.

Suicide is the simplest idea
that may come to him: enter, in the meantime,
in a cinema (he hasn't done it for years,
like this, alone) and over short spaces
of his visceral spasm, here,
in alternate editing, the huge ones
color spaces of advertising.

Refrigerators, toothpastes, cheeks
smiling. Then she will go out.

The night, with the scent of lime trees,
although it is late April, almost May.

But that year spring was struggling
to come forward. The city was shiny,

and headlights trembled in that light
easy to act - moist, heavy,
heavier than the very smell of lime trees
compressed, sunk in the air -
streetcar and car lights trembled
as for an atomic escape, for the last one
dinner of the world, or for the most recent,
with silent orgasm: piles
of running lights, wide open
along the curves of a ring road.
With illogical editing, you will see,
then, him walking in a suburb
even more remote: hedges
dripping, old walls
farmhouses... and, a sudden space
serene, almost spring-like, perhaps
with the moon on peaceful clouds:
in the midst of that fragrant space,
that void of rural freedom,
here are dogs barking, festive voices
of boys - those of the year 1000,
or the more distant future. A little
gunshot. And end". Ah,
dripping hedges, swollen slopes
of the shameless spring grass,
on mounds pierced with quarries,
sweet Thebais where nature ignored
from new men, celebrate April.

13 maggio 1962

I see the crew idle, in the background
of a black hour of rain: oh how
you know, everyone - in the drift
which makes all the same, shapes
that, on being men, on the way
to have human faces or grins,
they have no doubts - appear happy
of himself. Narcissism! strength alone

consolatory, only salvation!
At every level, from appearance
(because dear to the group leader), al
director (because he is aware of art),
no one lacks the instinct to assert themselves,
precisely because that's what it is.
Whoever leans against a wall dies
as it is, as it should be; who laughs
with legs apart on a threshold,
and laughs because of the irony
every illicit desire seems more conquered;
who is silent, sitting on a box,
because even those who are silent have
his pain that makes him satisfied;
who is happy with a young woman
cruel face, some equally cruel
cruel face of an old convict;
who alludes to secure friendships,
provided they are only one degree higher;
some with a Spanish attitude
- a Caravaggio - swells with work,
and who, lazarus - a groan -
of idleness. The most illiterate people
and the most ignorant bourgeoisie in Europe.
Gianduia, look through the glass
if by chance the sun should return; I see
the clouds tearing over the attics
of the six-story altars of Cecafumo
with asymmetry scattered on the lawns
blacks of the Caetani. Only the sun
embossing film can express
being so old I hate a bit of old love.
June 10, 1962
A single ruin, dream of an arch,
of a Roman or Romanesque vault,
in a meadow where the sun foams
whose heat is calm as a sea:

reduced there, the ruin is without love. Use
and liturgy, now profoundly extinct,
they live in his style - and in the sun -
for those who understand its presence and poetry.
Take a few steps, and you are on the Appia
or on the Tuscolana: there everything is life,
for everyone. Indeed, the better the accomplice
of that life, who style and history
he doesn't know. Its meanings
they exchange each other in sordid peace
indifference and violence. Thousands,
thousands of people, puffin
of a fiery modernity, in the sun
whose meaning is also in progress,
they cross each other, swarming darkly
on the blinding sidewalks, against
the Ina-Case sunk into the sky.

I am a force of the Past.

Only in tradition is my love.

I come from ruins, from churches,
from the altarpieces, from the villages
abandoned on the Apennines or the Pre-Alps,
where the brothers lived.

I wander around Tuscolana like a madman,
along the Appia like a dog without an owner.

Or I watch the twilights, the mornings
on Rome, on Ciociaria, on the world,
like the first acts of Post-History,
which I attend, by privilege of registry office,
from the extreme edge of some age
buried. Monstrous is who is born
from the bowels of a dead woman.

And I, an adult fetus, wander around
more modern than any modern
to look for brothers who are no longer there.

June 12, 1962

See you at the screening, and lo and behold

the city, in its poor naked hour,
terrifying like all nudity.
Burnt earth whose fire
turned off tonight or for millennia,
it is an infinite circle of pink ruins,
coals and white bones, scaffolding
washed out by the water and then burned
from new sun. The radiant Appia
which is swarming with thousands of insects
- the men of today - the neorealists
obsessed with the Chronicles in the vernacular.
Then Testaccio appears, in that light
of honey projected onto the earth
from beyond the grave. Maybe it exploded,
the Bomb, out of my consciousness.
Indeed, this is certainly the case. It's the end
of the World has already happened: one thing
silent, lowered into the backlight of twilight.
Shadow, who works in this era.
Ah, sacred twentieth century, region of the soul
in which the Apocalypse is an old event!
The Pontormo with an operator
meticulous, he arranged cantons
of yellowish houses, to cut
this brittle and soft light,
that turns brown from the yellow sky
dusted with gold on the city world...
and like rootless plants, houses and men,
they only create silent monuments of light
and of shadow, in movement: why
their death is in their motion.
They go, as if without any soundtrack,
cars and trucks, under the arches,
on the asphalt, against the gasometer,
in the golden hour of Hiroshima,
after twenty years, more and more inside
in that gesticulating death of theirs: and me

late on death, early
about real life, I drink the nightmare
of light like a dazzling wine.
Nation without hope! The Apocalypse
exploded out of consciousness
in the melancholy of Mannerist Italy,
he killed everyone: look at them - shadows
dripping with gold in the gold of agony.

June 21, 1962

I work all day like a monk
and wanders around at night, like a cat
looking for love... I will propose
to the Curia to be made a saint.
In fact, I respond to the mystification
with meekness. I look with caution
the lynching workers of an image.
I observe myself massacred in the clear sky
courage of a scientist. I look
feel hate, and instead I write
verses full of timely love.
I study perfidy as a phenomenon
fatal, almost as if I were not the object of it.
I pity the young fascists,
and to the old, which I consider forms
of the most horrible evil, I contend
only the violence of reason.
Passive as a bird that sees
everything, flying, and carried in the heart
in the flight in heaven the conscience
who doesn't forgive.

SUPPLIES TO MY MOTHER

It's difficult to say in son's words
what in my heart I resemble very little.
You are the only one in the world who knows about my heart,
what has always been, before any other love.
This is why I must tell you what is horrendous to know:
it is within your grace that my anguish is born.

You are irreplaceable. For this she is damned
to loneliness the life you gave me.
I do not want to be alone. I'm endlessly hungry
of love, of the love of bodies without souls.
Because the soul is in you, it is you, but you
you are my mother and your love is my slavery:
I spent my childhood a slave to this sense
high, irremediable, of an immense commitment.
It was the only way to feel life,
the one color, the one shape: now it's over.
We survive: and it's confusion
of a life reborn outside of reason.
I beg you, ah, I beg you: don't want to die.
I'm here, alone, with you, in a future April...

THE SEARCH FOR A HOME

I am looking for the house of my burial:
around the city like the patient
of a hospice or nursing home
on leave, with a baked face
from Fever, dry white skin and beard,
Oh god, yes, others is in charge
of choice. But this dull day
and shocking of forbidden life
with a sunset blacker than dawn,
throws me into the streets of an enemy city,
to look for the house that I no longer want.
The anguish operation was successful.
If this last reaction of youth
makes sense: putting your heart on paper -
Let's see: what is there today that wasn't
Yesterday? Every day the anxiety is higher,
every day the deadliest pain,
today more than yesterday terror excites me...
This area had always seemed cheerful to me
of the EUR, which is now horror and that's it.
It seemed quite popular to me, good
to walk around unknown, and vast

so much so that it seems like a city of the future.
And here is a «Tobacco», here is a «Bread and pasta»...
here is the face of the dark bourgeois
of fur and all white of soul,
like egg skin, neither soft nor hard...
Fool!, he and his fathers, vain
the son-in-law's arrived, servants
plump of the dry Po Valley adventurers.
And who are you, I would really like to see you,
designers of these hovels
for selfishness, for people without nerves,
who settles his children and his old women there
as if for a secret consecration:
no eyes, no mouths, no ears,
just that winking blessing:
and here are the fascist forts, made of concrete
of urinals, here are the thousand synonyms
"luxury" buildings for executives
transubstantiated in marble pediments,
their hard symbols, equivalent solidities.
And where, then, to find my studio, calmly
and lively, the «dreamed nest of my poems»
that I care for in my heart like a psalm Pascolian?

.....
One to which the Police Headquarters does not grant
the passport - and, at the same time
the newspaper that should be the headquarters
of his real life, he gives no credit
to his verses and censors them -
he is what is called a man without faith,
who does not conform and does not recant:
so it's right that you can't find a place to live.
Life gets tired of those who last.
Ah, my relapsed passions
forced to have no residence!
Returning to earth forever I was
I will write in the forms of the world: «without

fixed abode". It is the truth
that makes its way: I feel the patience
boundless under my atrocious anxiety.
But I could also act crazy, angry.
just to live! the conservation force has
fictions by which it is confirmed
every act of Dasein... The house
what I'm looking for will be, why not?, a basement,
or an attic, or a hovel in Mombasa,
or an atelier in Paris... I could
also return to the wonderful phase
of painting... I can already hear the five or six
my beloved colors smell sharp
between the white spirit and the glue of the
frames just ready... I can already hear the silent ones
spasms in the belly, in the throat,
of technical intuitions, waste
beautifully renovated old school...
And, in the cornea, the red, above the red,
on other reds, in a supreme envelope,
where the flame is a bump
of the Apennines, or a warmth of youth
in Friuli, urinating on a ditch
singing in the twilights of the poor...
Maybe one day I will have to be grateful to you
for this shameful force that renews me,
conformists, with a deformed heart
not by the brutality of your capital,
but from the heart itself as it has been
in another story raped to evil.
Heart of men: that I no longer know,
as a man, neither love nor judge,
forced as I am down here,
at the bottom of the world, feeling different,
lost to every love of youth.
REALITY
Oh, practical end of my poetry!

Because of it I don't know how to overcome naivety
which takes away my prestige, for it mine
tongue cracks in anxiety
that I have to choke on talking.
I seek, in my heart, only what it has!
I was reduced to this: when
I write poetry to defend myself and fight,
compromising myself, giving up
to every ancient dignity of mine: it appears,
thus, defenseless that elegiac heart of mine
of which I am ashamed, and tired and vital
reflects my language a fantasy
of a son who will never be a father...
Meanwhile, I slowly lost my company
of poets with bare, dry faces,
of divine goats, with hard foreheads
of the Po Valley fathers, in whose lean
only pure files count
relationships of passion and thought.
Dragged away by my darkness
events. Ah, starting from scratch!
alone like a corpse in its grave!
And so, here is this morning in which I do not hope
that in the light... Yes, in the light that bones
with its spring happiness
the days of this Canossa of mine.
Here I am in the light of an old April,
to confess, kneeling,
to the end, to the point of dying.
Let this light give me breath,
to hold the thread with his bloneness
fragrant, on a world, like death, reborn.
Then... ah, in the sun is my only happiness...
those bodies, in summer trousers,
a little frayed in the womb from the distracted caress
of rough dusty hands,... The sweaty ones
groups of teenage males,

on the edges of meadows, under facades
of houses, in the scorching twilights...
The orgasm of the festive city,
the peace of the flourishing countryside...
And them, with their vivid faces
or black with shadow, like wolf cubs,
in lazy raids, in lascivious
naivety... Those necks! Those dark ones
look! That need to smile,
now for their speeches, a little stupid,
of innocents, now as if by challenge
to the rest of the world that welcomes them:
children. Ah, what God guides them
so certain, here along the barest streets,
to the Castles, to the Beaches, to the Gates
of the city, in the expected, ancient desires
of those who already know that they will die
after having truly lived:
than the life he has in store
it is the right one, and he will have lost nothing.
Humble, of course. And what will be
their cowardly way, then, of having accomplished it
themselves (their destiny is cowardice),
it's still almost dawn
on unknown trees, in which he has
nature only gems, in a stasis
of supreme purity, of courage.
Oh, sure, they are invaded
now from the evil they receive as a legacy
from the fathers - my peer, black race.
But what do they hope for? what a radius
of light hits them, in that face
where the hairline
on the forehead, the tufts, the waves are grace
more than corporeal?... Sweetly rebellious,
and, together, happy with the future of their fathers:
that's what makes them so beautiful!

Even the grim ones, even the sad ones, even the thieves
they have sweetness in their eyes
of those who know, of those who understand: teams
orders of flowers in the chaos of existence.
Actually, I, I'm the guy, them
the adults. I, who due to the excess of my presence, have never crossed the
border between love
for life and life...
Me, dark with love, and around me, the choir
of the happy, to whom reality is a friend.
There are thousands of them. I can't love one.
Everyone has their new, their old
beauty, which belongs to everyone: dark
or blond, light or heavy, it's the world
that I love in him - and share,
in him - vision of fruitless love
and most pure - the generations,
the body, sex. I lunge
every time - in the sweet expansions,
in juniper breaths - in history,
which is always alive, in every
day, every millennium. My love
it is only for the woman: infant and mother.
For it alone, I commit myself wholeheartedly.
For them, my peers, their children, in teams
wonderful scattered across the plains
and hills, in alleys and squares, it burns
in me only the flesh. Yet, sometimes,
It seems to me that nothing is wonderful
purity of this feeling. Death is better
than to give it up! I have to defend
this enormity of desperate tenderness
which, equal to the world, I had when I was born.
Perhaps no one has lived at such a height
of desire - funeral anxiety
that fills me like the sea with its breeze.
The slopes, the hills, the thousand-year-old grass,

landslides of flowers or waste, dry branches
or glossy gouache, the air
of the seasons with their walls
old or recent in the sun... all of this
hides me and (laugh!) my young friends
immune from any dishonest act
because without tragedy their desire:
because their sex is intact, fresh.
I couldn't otherwise. Only if light,
within the norm, healthy, the son
can make me think
dark and dazzling: that's the only way I resemble him
in the infinite verification of a secret
who is in her womb as impure as a lily.
And this act must be repeated a thousand times:
because, don't repeat it, it means trying
death like a frenetic pain,
which has no equal in the living world...
I don't hide it, if I've ever hidden anything:
the unrepressed love that invades me,
my mother's love gives no place
to hypocrisy and cowardice! Nor am I right
to be different, I don't know
your God, I am an atheist: prison
only of my love, for the rest free,
in all my judgments, all my passions.
I am a free man! Candid food
of freedom is crying: well I will cry.
And the price of my "free bid",
sure: but love is worth everything I have.
Sex, death, political passion,
they are the simple objects to which I give
my elegiac heart... My life
he has nothing else. I could tomorrow,
naked as a monk, leave the match
worldly, give in to the infamous,
victory... He wouldn't have lost

nothing, certainly, my soul!
That the fatality of being existence
inalienable, race, universe,
it is enough for anyone: even if the world is without it
brotherhood, because different.
Hence the laughter and allusions
of the poor racists, they flow through
its reality like sounds
not real, of dead. In my being,
this reality they have sex and passions...
And, of course, I have no joy in it. Obsessed
are its predestined forms:
«repressions make me an Esse Esse,
or a mafioso..." and I - it's huge,
I know - I am: young candid son
holy barbarian angel, the footsteps
I traced, for some time, that they send
to the Reactionary Revolt
(it was in the final ages of the great
itinerary of a lifetime in Italy),
blond executioner, or color killer
of the mud, follower... of the bloodthirsty
bourgeois Hitler, or the strong son
of poor Giuliano... - conformism
that saved me, like a flight
blind. All this was nothing but chrisim,
shadow that disappeared from my life.
The inclination towards schism remained:
a natural urge to hurt my wound
always open. A configure
every relationship with the world that invites me to itself,
to my daughter's relationship
sadism, masochism: for which I was not born,
and I'm here just like an animal
nameless: from nothing consecrated,
not belonging to anyone,
free of a freedom that massacred me.

So not I, but he who communicates,
draws the desperate conclusion,
of being the outcast of a gathering
of others: all men, without distinction, all normal people, of whom this life
is,

And I look for alliances that have no other reason
to be, as revenge, or counterpart,
what diversity, meekness and impotent violence:
the Jews... the Blacks... all humanity banished...
And this was the way as a man without
humanity, as an unconscious succubus, or spy,
O murky hunter of benevolence,
I was tempted by holiness. It was poetry.
The good witch who hunts witches
out of terror, he discovered democracy...
It wasn't a godsend! The atrocious leagues
with his unconscious virile blackmailing companions,
the laughter with which the monster gave
demonstration of calm health and sure love,
ready to torture and kill other monsters
in order not to be recognized - everything was out
suddenly by me (and they recognize themselves in it
now those who hate me, made public,
the poor fascists), one evening, among the woods
coppices, who knows, among indissoluble stains
of violets on the banks, among vineyards or lights
evening views of villages, under virgin clouds,
(in the Emilia of my destiny, in the Friuli of my gods).
It was terror that won. I mean it was
the terror of reality and loneliness is greater than that of society. Bitter
youth,
prey to that incurable conscience
of not existing, which is still my slavery...
That I will get to the end without it
have done in my life
the essential proof, experience
that unites men and gives them

such a sweetly defined idea
of brotherhood at least in acts of love!
Like a blind man: who will have escaped,
in death, something that coincides
with life itself, - light followed
without hope, and who smiles at everyone,
instead, like the simplest thing in the world -
something he will never be able to share.
I will die without having known the depths
sense of being a man, born to one
life, to which nothing, in eternity, corresponds.
A blind man, a monster, in life, does not console
never really anything: but to the point that it is irremediable
and shameful, in terror of the hour
in which everything has been - he will be a guinea pig
not even a man anymore! Absurd
- that he cannot bear it, and shouts in anger,
and moan, like a beast, whose scream
it is the cry of an innocent protesting
against an injustice of which he is the plaything -
it's this prenatal order, this
predestination, in which he has nothing to do,
which has nothing to do with his honesty
ancient soul... Inside the wombs
of mothers, blind children are born
- full of desire for light - lopsided
- full of happy instincts:
and they go through life in darkness and shame.
We can resign ourselves - and the fetuses
living, poor Erinyes, can in every
hour of their lives, to keep quiet or pretend.
Others always say you shouldn't
be a burden to him. And they obey. It dyes
so their whole life of a different color.
And the world - the innocent world! -she rejects them.
.....
But I speak... of the world - and I should,

instead - talk about Italy, and indeed,
of an Italy, of the one you belong to,
with me, recipient of my verses, son:
physical history in which you circumstance
I called it "innocent", the world, me,
I, as a blind, tortured son.
But if I look around at these leftovers
of a history that has given for centuries
only serve... this Apparition
where reality has no other clue
that its brutal repetition...
what a scene... expressionistic! I think of a senseless judgment suffered...
the robes... the sad authorities of the South...
behind the faces of the judges - where the vice
it is a vice of pain, which exposes
miserable environments - one could read nothing but impotence
to emerge from an obscure reality of kinship, from a crude morality, from a
provincial inexperience...
Those Art Theater fronts,
those poor eyes of obedient onagers
stubborn, those low ears,
those words that to disguise
the void they swelled to play a part
of paternal threat, of floral indignation!
Ah, I don't know how to hate: and therefore I know that I can't
describe them with the necessary ferocity
to poetry. I will only say with pity about that face
Calabrian, with the shapes of a child
and of the skull, which spoke dialect
with the humble, scholastic with the great.
Who listened attentively, humanely,
and meanwhile, in the ineffable and nefarious
further holes, he hatched his plan
of timid that fear makes ruthless.
On the sides, two other well-recognizable faces,
faces that on the street, in a crowded bar,
they are the weak, unhealthy faces,

of prematurely aged, of sick people
of liver: of bourgeois whose bread
it certainly doesn't taste like salt, not ignoble, no,
not devoid of human features at all
in the stinging black of the eyes, in the pallor
of the foreheads tortured by the first
ferocious seniority... A fourth envoy of the Lord
- certainly married, certainly protected by a ring
of respectable colleagues in his city
provincial - congealed in a sigh
sick in the viscera or heart -
he was in an isolated bench: how is he?
who prepares for a premeditated lack of love.
And in front of these, the champion: the one who has
sold his soul to the devil, in flesh and blood.
Classic character! I had seen his face
a few months earlier: and it was another:
the face of a big-faced young man,
rustic, balding and gaunt
of professional dignity.
Now a blaze distorted it:
like an old red crust
above the skin. The light proves
of the eyes was that of someone who is at fault.
His hatred for my person was hatred
for the object of that fault, that is
hatred towards his conscience.
It wasn't dishonest enough. Fantasy
it is not enough to imagine an experience
of ignorance and blackmail. The bourgeoisie
it's the devil: sell your soul to him without it
counterpart? Oh, of course not: you have to
adopt its culture, act
shame like a Pater Noster
of the purely formal debut,
of the mystifying clause...
And to be rhetorical is to hate,

to be uncultured is to have lost
deliberately every respect for man,
The old love for the ideal is reduced
to desperately pretend to themselves,
to believe in what one lies.
But the light of the eye remains, obsessed
accusers! There, in that drop of light,
in the fleeting, livid gaze,
guilty - it was your truth.
It leads me to the relationship with you,
I know, an inner will of mine:
but this is a secret of the self,
O God, as you say. It will be said to you:
«You don't count, you are symbols
of millions of men: of a society.
This condemns me, not you, its automatons.
Well: I'm happy with my monstrosity.
Or do we want to deceive the spirit? Men
who condemn men in the name of nothingness:
because the institutions are nothing, when
they have lost all strength, girlish strength
of Revolutions - because nothing
it is the Morality of common sense, of one
passive community, without reality anymore.
You, formal - humble men
out of cowardice, obsequious out of shyness -
you are people: in you and in me, let it be consumed
the relationship: in you, of arid hatred,
in me, of knowledge. But for society
of which you are expressionless rhapsodes,
I have something else to say: not as a Marxist
more, or again, but, for a moment
- if the kidnapping of the Authors
of the Apocalypse he narrates in a fire
that has no time: My loves -
I will shout - I am a terrible weapon:
why don't I use it? Nothing is more terrible

of diversity. Exposed every moment
- endless shouting - exception
incessant - unbridled madness
like a fire - contradiction
by which all justice is desecrated.
Ah Negroes, Jews, poor hosts
of marked and different, born from wombs
innocent, in spring
infertile, of worms, of snakes,
horrendous without their knowledge, condemned
to be atrociously mild, childishly violent,
hate! tear apart the world of well-off men!
Only a sea of blood can save,
the world, from its bourgeois destined dreams
to make it an increasingly unreal place!
Just a revolution that causes massacres
of these dead, can desecrate their evil!».
This can scream, a prophet who does not have
the strength to kill a fly - whose strength
it is in its degrading diversity.
Only having said this, or shouted, my fate
you will be able to free yourself: and begin
my speech over reality.

II - POETRY IN THE FORM OF A ROSE POETRY IN THE FORM OF A ROSE

I got it all wrong.
He was wrong, scared at the microphone,
with the overbearing uncertainty of the ugly,
of the gentle poet, my namesake,
which still has my name.
It was called Selfishness, Passion.
He was wrong, with his stammering skill,
answering questions from friends or fascists,
Maciste magretto of literature.
Interlocutors from Teramo or Salerno,
of Conselice, or Frosinone or Genoa,
the one there, who was so right,

he was doing everything wrong.
Dropped down from Paris
- a spring that is the same throughout Europe,
menstruation of mud and feverish sun,
or that on the fields (rusts with purple
of veiled plum, and green ovals, with at the bottom
the shadow of the romantic forest...
Watteau, Renoir - salnitri
under the layer of green, barbaric)
the sun of that spring
spread overwhelming pain,
or on these fields: at the feet of shovels
of altars, Apennine red and huts
of the Latin underclass -
... I did it all wrong.
Ah, sign system
devised laughing, with Leonetti and Calvino,
in the usual stop, in the North.
Signs for the deaf and dumb, with ideographies
once and for all international.
Poor Denka at the bottom of Sudan,
with the other poor savages
(one hundred and twenty dialects), hold securely
on the shoulder the spear like a ski,
high, sublime to see me knotted,
grandfather or grandson,
among that drawing never drawn
(if not by fanatical rationalists
roussoians, in Europe)
of sycamores and mahogany
(which I love like the most beautiful monuments
Christians: it will be the sun, peace,
the horror of Africa around)
puffy and asymmetrical on green,
on the non-French green, on the green
not Latin,
- on the new green of the world,

incarnated in the forest for millennia.
Rest assured, Denka,
and you of the one hundred and twenty other tribes
speaking sounds of different strains,
because here with Leonetti and Calvino
we arrange the systems of signs,
and goodnight to the dialects.
I got it all wrong. Fiumicino,
reappeared from among clouds of mud,
he is even older than me.
The remains of the old Pasolini
on the profiles of the Agro... hovels
and clusters of skyscrapers...
It is a carnal rose of pain,
with five incarnate roses,
rose cankers in the rose
before: in the beginning was Pain.
And here it is, Uno and Cinquino.
La prima rosa means more seriously
(ah, a morphine shot! help!):
You got it all wrong, ugly, sweet!
The idea of having made a mistake! I!
Do you understand? I! The defeat, the defeat...
It's over: swearing, committing suicide,
the river sun of Fiumicino
you mean I'm full of sand
blinding, of crumbled silt.
Inside the yew the petals of cancer,
towards the resurfaced
Rome, with the old Pasolini macro
of himself, disillusioned, degraded.
And, behind the error in the linguistic question,
behold, incarnate petal upon petal,
in the Rosa Cinquina, Pain Two:
the "mistake of a lifetime".
Just peel off a petal and you'll see it.
Red where it should have been white,

or white where it should have been yellow, like
you want: and this for a lifetime,
which, by fate, allows one
ONE WAY, ONE FORM.

Like a river, which - in the wonderful
his being is astonishing
that river - contains the fatal
not be any other river.

It is said that many opportunities are missed in life:
but... Life has ONLY one chance.

I lost it all.

How can all this,
do not affect sex by castrating
the son until the last tear?

And so here is the Third Crown of Cancer.

A descent of alloglot barbarians
(the taxi clears embankments, the grass
sharp and dark, from the middle of the nights
- mysterious and marshy, of birth -
abandoned to this deadly sun),
a medieval descent, of Goths or Celts.

This sun that gives migraines to teenagers
modern people, university students, women
middle class, with lipsticks and driving licenses...
it intoxicates even the barbarian... Ah,
he in the frost of the flowering meadows
will rest, absorbed, perhaps, in some
manual labor, not unworthy,
never, of man. About him, he will be silent,
beyond the divisions of the fallow lands
- pagan, with Priapus, Christian
with the cross - in the Latin municipality
the bell, which never rang in the millennia
around three in the afternoon.

The awakening is before spring
of sex: it will be the cold or the sweat
to wake up in still winter clothes,

of mail, the flesh, as of dog or horse,
which seems to have the same heat as the shirt
soft as fruit and dry as mud,
it will be the cold that creeps across the grass
too green on the banks,
or the heat of the first white sun,
in which the municipal bell is silent,
and the animals graze as if dreaming...
And the woman, whose nobility
manifests itself in hypocrisy
to only pretend to be submissive,
- calling his weakness obedience -
she too is lost in manual labor,
of a female, she, among females...
And he doesn't sing: why never in the millennia
Donna sang at three in the afternoon.
Menstruation in the sun has no odor.
The animals graze as if dreaming...
That Third Pain consists
not in suffering the terrible desire
but in drawing only obsession from it.
And, from here, the Fourth Pain,
therefore he is subject to the impulses of death
that rise from my belly, I would beat
his head, silent, against the glass
of the taxi he travels
the horrible highway where it is clear
who are without love, while, barbarian
O miserably bourgeois, the world is full,
full of love... From century to century
the sun gives migraines and erections - the father
urinates, controlling the desire for the night,
in the ditch of an ancient division
of fields, due to pre-Italics and Italics,
in this same circle of the Apennines,
and I, from this sun, woolen sweater
and first sweat in the frost,

I'm observing, with my fists on my belly,
my lack of love, down to the last tear.
The Fifth Pain is the least expressible
(now, then, that in Paris in the newspapers
they distort my name,
and with Calvino and Leonetti, Ordinari
of Modernity in the chairs of the North,
an anthropological era looms
that desecrates dialects!)
now, then, it's downright ridiculous,
out of his tears,
in understanding his reason:
the disappointment of history!
Which brings us to death
without having lived,
and, for this reason, stay on life
to contemplate it, like a wreck,
a stupendous possession that does not belong to us.
Ridiculous prisoner's pain,
of a cripple, who sees everything given to others
in a triumph of endless happiness
simple as the sunlight with which it blends.
The Fifth Pain is knowing
what billions of living beings
one sweet morning, they will wake up,
as in every morning of their lives,
in the simple sun of future Europe,
its mulberry trees, its primroses,
- or in the depths of India
in the sublime stench of cholera that hovers
on little naked bodies like spirits,
- or in the shameless one of Africa
increasingly modern
on the green of death that will be the frame
to the furious gift of life,
- or in this one from Fiumicino, river sun
which makes the smell of mud a celebration

of miserable Latin immortality...
Billions of living,
one sweet morning they will wake up,
to the simple triumph of the thousand mornings of life, with the shirt
parched... with the damp
of the first sweat... Happy - they -
happy! They are just happy!
They alone possess the sun!
The same sun as the barbarian
who descended in the Middle Ages,
and, from the gorges of the mountains, from the shadows
of the snow, he set up camp,
on the thick black grass,
bad and happy with the banks of April.
Only those who are not born live!
He lives because he will live, and everything will be his,
it's his, it was his!

It opens like a dawn
Rome, behind the spirals of the Tiber,
full of trees as splendid as flowers,
white city that awaits the unborn,
uncertain shape like a fire
in the fire of a New Prehistory.

PERSECUTION

I was returning along the Via Portuense. I left
(lucid in the daze of the party
of others, enemy, without light, never
for me - I also reject what I have left),
the car, in the sun dominated by the evening,
on a crumbled sidewalk, in the sadness
confusion of a peripheral terminus. Era
the air and the people are very tender
he lazed about in murky misery
of hedges around a bar: it was an off
wall lost against a vision
unspeakable of sun, hovels, foundations...
Around those tables, there were people

which the evening, still torrid, made
almost spirits: mothers, with their passion
dejected - daughters, with clothes in which she squeezed
the heart the cheerful, bourgeois poverty
- neighbors... I mean, who could
indulge in the joy of shopping, there
where their distant neighborhood
it reproduced the large centers of the city.
I went into that bar, by chance, to drink
something, consumed by the sun,
without strength, exhausted by pain and knowledge.
But - walking against the light - I saw the sun,
darken, on children and young people
who played, along the wall, in the heat
untreatable; and come down from the roofs,
from the hedges, from the plants covered in dust
or charred, by dry twigs,
with gentle undulations that dissolve
the countryside towards the sea, a dark wind
and tingling, cloudy shadow,
monstrous breath, which soon was
the same as always: an evening breeze,
than to those spirits, lost below
in the heart of life, it was a light flag
hinting from the summers of death.
Immediately, those unaware youngsters, in line
almost as if to shout that he who is strong is innocent,
they put a token in their jukebox:
and a new music sang their fate.
That fate, I listened, in my passion
consumed to the point of fearful tenderness,
anonymous guest in front of his drink.
I listened to life from my survival.
But it was always dear, that life!
that life as always, without hatred and without
love, lost in its infinite form!
People, bourgeoisie, gross invasion

of August, as if intimidated
in that sun of his from a dark obsession,
lowest expression of the mass, trifle
lost in her still village neighborhood,
survivor on the edge of the immense battle:
and the children laugh, the younger ones play,
the older ones listening in the brush
the outdoor jukebox, strong, candid,
and so alive that you seem even more alive
to the dark breath that is blowing on them...
I leave the bar, sad among those joyful people,
meat among those pushed: and it happens
something terrible... Oh, just a thrill,
a sensation, a nothingness... You can see it,
I was stunned by all that Sunday sun...
How, coming out from inside, I put a foot
beyond the fence of the bar hedges,
everything was behind me. People
at the tables, the youth with their unsuspecting ones
beauties, the baby children: nothing
it was more in front of me: and, almost a song
for my loneliness - to that wind
light that had begun by enchantment -
the jukebox raised its voice to the sky.
Behind me: and I went forward,
Why? For what real reason?
Alone, like a fetus, like the ideals
sources of a life, or a career...
Only like a dog, or rather, dry
like dry straw, or like light
which gives light to nothing. No, look
I couldn't go back, the lost ones
forms of existence: it was certain
who would have remained cruelly silent
to watch me go. Weak, exposed,
I left them behind, still alive,
still hot, dead still uncertain

that I have truly reached the end.
The setting sun colored
a bit of dust in front of me, on my back
houses, abandoned walls: and it looked
to me, removed from the order of men
- just staggering, hunchbacked, in the drool
sweetest of those nameless places,
holidays, summer - the anguish of lynching:
and meanwhile a laugh... a mild comic ghost
of love... a body alive with courage...
it grew in me, like a statue in a statue.
And so I took the first steps of my journey again.
I could have looked for mercy,
surrender, in that moment: to deny myself,
deny myself, take refuge in a Church, run there
where weapons have been thrown away for centuries...
Instead, fortunately, that life behind us,
mixed with funerals, almi
rays of twilight, over lots and stables,
he freed me: man has no rights.
He has no reality, his country, his valley...
And my "complaint" resounded, as it always does,
no longer necessary, naively
obstinate, monster of reason and passion.
It sounded a little crazy, as if addressed to those people who had nothing to
do with it or, miserable, couldn't understand,
innocent object of the hatred of an innocent.
«How could they betray so much,
their shepherds, love and honor?
Ah, perhaps it is ferocity that defends the fold.
Because he knows that they did not fake their words:
it was just an elementary calculation
and therefore an adult... The heart has no rights!
And it didn't take anything, alas, to deform
this form of his, already uncertain to their gazes
of confident, ironic, unaware souls,
- like children under the eyes of their fathers

good-natured towards their ancient ones
cruelty, their stupid anger...
And it was easy to find the accomplices of the myth:
these "more royalists than the king", these heartbreaking
confined to Ina-Case and villages, with their bodies nourished by poor
soups, by humiliating fats,
his shirt with a hint of dirt
on the neck, the screaming children
at the bottom of blocks as black as hospices,
the weak necks yellow with brilliantine,
or tormented by premature baldness,
their murderous national team...
and Catholics! and fascists!, to be able to say:
I too am me, it is destined for me too
life is not a vile task!
my acts are also consecrated
from the conscience of a heroic service!
And, if among them, to drink, mingle
in the scorching, threatening breeze,
there were fraternal, committed men
to fight, with him, for the entirety
of man... they would find the work accomplished:
a man whom men despise.
And they would give up his presence for lost.
He has no rights, the pure... Every reason
they would have to turn hard
and almost hostile - offended in his passion
uncompromising - the look, to him who has lost
his dark game with public opinion.
He can, oh yes, inside himself, scream, immersed
in fear of hypocrisy
which is the norm of the humble universe:
but, in front of others, he knows that there is no way
than to accept the end of what ended
in humiliation, or in a bit of poetry...
Thus, an army was ready - who
to live, who to possess in peace -

to pigeonhole this person, now and here,
in the cartels of evil, where he now lies.
Ah, ferocious masses, whom he loves so much,
dead land, which he likes so much
life, the naked Italian sun!
Here it is served in its sweetness:
it is dishonorable to offer him your hand."
My victory, my defeat, my wholeness!
Everything is now behind me... One black was enough
breath of wind above this intoxication
base and infinite, vulgar and austere,
of an afternoon on August 15th,
so that, at the end, I would return to reality.
Eyes, return your eyes! I admit
what I knew: sun and solitude.
Senses, come back to senses, the place
of life is new, atrociously naked.
I get back in the car, start the car again,
I run: the evening burns, dirty,
a clinic, with green shutters, emptiness
of an earthwork, with torrent reeds,
the Little Parish alone against the fire,
the Trullo, a detritus of identical facades,
color of the stereo, a flood
of cars returning from troubled times,
Rome smeared like mud on the blade
inflamed with the sky, boys in bloom,
all summer in the bad t-shirt,
ah shame and splendor, shame and splendor!
A thousand clouds of peace encircle the sky,
love, you will never stop being love.

3 - PETER II

Monday, March 4, 1963

The north wind. And the cold in Italy.
Anac and Anica, and the Journalists Union
(and also, then, that of the Writers),
well, and while I wait, I consume Sunday

in the blue of the north - Tramontana
it is also the name of one of the Kings of Primavalle,
and Picchione another, and another Fiorino.

Night comes, the lots of Primavalle
they lose their polymer clay color, and take
that of millennia. Under a pile
of overpasses and construction sites, over there,
death, the storms of lights
of the City where History has no life.

Being the object of this denial
it's the pain. I don't rebel
no, to a Prosecutor of Cafarnao,
formal as it must be, inevitably
unaware of the delicacies
of literature... Ah Anac, ah Anica
ah Journalists' and Writers' Unions!

Tuesday, March 5 (morning)

It was the beginning of the day, a few moments ago,
an old, dying light, and now
here is the blue of a southern gulf,
in the cold of the north wind, one day
that all we had to do was discover, it was on us.

Beautifully remote from all our passions.

Who will soon sit in the dock

he looks at that blue, and has a desire for wonderful freedom - as when the
thought of a new day born on the delicate banks of Nordic rivers,
it was the idea of a world enraptured in heavenly hatred
of ancient wars, and the people of wild flowers,
beyond the suburban avenues of the Venetian towns,
they became, in the frost of the day that turned warm, naked people under
the loricas, in Homer's sun.

You wanted to have a poet on this bench
polished by the trousers of many poor souls?

All right, enjoy it. Justice

it becomes the blind voice of swallows, at strikes

of Poetry. And not because Poetry has the right to rave about a bit of blue,
about a miserable sublime day that is born with the melancholy of death.

But because Poetry is Justice. Justice that grows in freedom, in the suns of the soul, where they are fulfilled

in peace the births of the days, the origins and ends of religions, and the acts of culture

they are also acts of barbarity,
and he who judges is always innocent.

Tuesday, March 5 (evening)

By mysterious election, now the sirocco
it takes away the rawness of spring from the evening
which is a joy of the North, but it brings
the first white trousers on the streets.

My optalidon roses are drying up,
which kept me upright while watching
of my poor Deposition, before the judges.

And passing in front of San Pietro, at the beginning
of a new spring, which is its end,
the strong writer is an exhausted gypsy
visited by prophetic poetry.

Here is Peter II, who descends into his square,
suddenly deserted, and in trauma
of the wound that traces two furrows of blood
on the chest, one passes, on the chest, on the clothes, the hands amazed at
being so alone, at having to die.

«I was Pope - he shouts - for the poetic love of Christ.»

Nobody understands this, neither the bourgeois nor the barbarians.

The age is ours, only closer to the end,
and it is the beginning of the New Prehistory.

Wednesday, March 6

... but when, late at night, you give new dreams
dominated by an Authority with a gaze
of heraldic bird, return, ah what happens,
in the house that the night makes more remote
in his humility, to the painful glories of poetry?

A sigh, which is repeated, followed by a moan.

It's not the bucket faucet, or a pipe
in some mythical empty room, it is not the gravel
of the clinic garden, in the depths of the night.

It's her, who hasn't fallen asleep, and basically
to his old age as a little bird that doesn't emigrate,
and you always see him close to you, in the darkness of the winters, he has
found a voice to complain about that is no longer even human, which I almost
don't recognize, and she wouldn't recognize either, complaints that already exist
in the world, and to which she, believing that no one will listen, it boils down,
in its innocence.

Wednesday 6 March

The Saints? They are not, these are not the Saints!
Don't you see, one comes from the Trullo, and, fifth,
in front of the males of the village, he complains about the annoyance
of being an inductee; another one comes
from a prison apartment in Borgo,
married to a mother, all belly,
reckless and degenerate husband, the greatest
of his dog-faced sons,
and with the idea, poor thing, of bourgeois greatness!, yet another comes
from thirty years of service
in Paris, as a waiter, desperate aunt,
who laughs, laughs, because by laughing he exorcises the pillory, the last
one comes from I don't know where, Prati or Appio,
a professional generalist. These are the Saints?
These ones with hairpins in their hair, nets
on wigs, "arrived" only because they were protected
with more aesthetic impetus by Donati
in hairstyles? Breed of vipers!
«With the pretext of representing a recovery
cinematographic»... Ah, from «Santa Maria»
I want to shout at you with offended serenity
of those who are not the enraged victims of the form:
«The Saint is Stracci, the face of ancient snub
that Giotto saw against tuffs and castrensi ruins,
the round hips that Masaccio chiaroscuro
like a baker a sacred loaf...

If the goodness with which he takes the basket out of his mouth is obscure
to you, to give it to the family to chew it to the sound of the Dies Irae; if the
naivety with which he cries over his meal stolen by the dog is obscure to you;

if the tenderness with which he then caresses is obscure to you
the guilty beast; if the humble courage with which she responds by singing
a song of her Ciociaria grandparents to those who offend her is obscure to you;
if intrepidity is obscure to you
with which he faces his fate as an inferior
singing his philosophy in the thieves' jargon he loves; if the anxiety with
which one makes the sign of the cross in front of one of your tabernacles for
the poor is obscure to you
running towards the meal; if the gratitude with which, after a funny ballet
of joy like Charlot, makes the sign of the cross again at that same tabernacle
with which you consecrate his inferiority is obscure to you;
if the simplicity with which he dies is obscure to you

.....
Wednesday, March 6 (evening)

The sun, the sun. As already at the end of March,
in the meanders of April. Run, my blue car, wherever you want, along the
streets marked by other sun,

the Monteverde of the poor, among overflowing backgrounds
of houses in layers, parched - a pine on the asphalt -
rows of bars and butchers with only electricity customers -
and another side of the neighborhood, with the light shining -
an uphill road - the Sanatorium, with the black gardens -
the Portuense...

At the Trullo the sun, like ten years ago.

"Shut up, Pa', give us prison!"

Giorgio, Giannetto, Carlo, the Moro,
and the others, the lazy twenty-five year olds,
already a little balding, with a few years in prison; the first-born younger
brothers, who

like a happy clown in his father's clothes, someone elegant in his misery,
his little eyes

like two damp leaves hit by the sun.

The match, in the heart of the village,
among the lots that in addition to the sun, and some figures
of a sister, of a mother, with the sweaters of working days, they have
nothing to offer to the new spring...

When running Giorgio has the face of Carlo Levi,

auspicious deity, doing a bicycle kick,
Giannetto has the hilarity of Moravia, the Moro
postponing, it is Vigorelli, when he gets angry or embraces, and Coen, and
Alicata, and Elsa Morante, and the editors
of Paese Sera or Avanti, and Libero Bigiaretti, play with me, among the
little trees of the Trullo,
some on defense, some on attack. Others,
with Pedalino with the orange sweater
or Ugo with last year's white blue jeans on his lap, are leaning against the
honey-colored wall of the prison of their homes, Benedetti, Debenedetti, Nenni,
Bertolucci with his face slightly bleached by the sun, under the weak brim
of his hat, and the sweet smile of the sacred certainty of the uncertain.
And next to a golden garbage dump there is Ungaretti, laughing.
And the young people, who, to the young people of the Trullo, are brothers,
Siciliano, Dacia, Garboli, Bertolucci son; and, like Sordello, disapproving and
in love, Citati. And who is there,
on that land with a pink jar and a yellow core?
Baldini and Natalia. And inside a cut courtyard
from the light as in a Caravaggio style without blacks, Longhi, Banti, with
Gadda and Bassani. Roversi and Leonetti
and Fortini and Volponi get off at the bus stop, with greetings from Contini
and those from Spitzer's shadow.
E, insieme, la Bachmann, Uwe Johnson, Enzensberger...
and a group of London angels and American photographers with the red
eyes of neurotics, and, from Russia, Ciukrai, as if from the crusades, and
Sartre,
like a deaf man, who asks for translation, while he has understood
everything...
Who said that the Trullo is an abandoned village?
The shouts of the quiet little match, the silent spring, isn't this the real Italy,
out of the darkness?
Wednesday 6 March (evening)
I don't know what bitterness, what brotherly regret
in the eyes of friends: what a frightening light
of blackmail, in that of the enemies.
One of these even has a pupil
yellowed by hatred, that of those who confuse

life's blessings and curses with his, like a poisonous pepper that gives him delirium,

(omissis) will sing his macabre romance Callas
clerical-fascist, and (omissis) my condemnation.

Peter II, Pastor Poet! Because only a poet
he may know he has to die!

Nostradamus will record tomorrow
one of the hundred million acts they prepare
your coronation, your martyrdom.

Wednesday, March 6 (night)

Bettors, bet on the conviction.

Look at this beautiful Trinity, the High,
the Bird of Prey, with majolica eyes of a bird of prey,
the silent turtle dove covered in black purple,
and the two Thrushes, Harold Lloyd with half a metre
with less leg, the nose protruding on the bench.

They don't look at me. It's curious. It doesn't happen to him
to pause with their sacred eyes, on mine, sacred.

Nathanael! The obscene dreams of the bourgeois press
they have this power: they have reduced me to a Devil.

A devil of all bones, who causes terror with his terror.

The game was played in the daily kidnapping
of those beautiful readings of neo-liberty ferocity: bettors, bet on the
conviction!

Look at the true omissis who has hidden the mouse's wings under his
omissis that the State gives him like a throne, an omissis who is silent, due to
some ostracism perpetrated against him by culture

and then meditates omissis, with his eyelids
drawn by a goldsmith omissis on the omission of the eyes.

Then, when it's his turn... Then first of all
beware of the omission of the omission

omissis offends the Culture that assists its exhibition: no shame - not even
in the name of Omissis -

in his slaps about omissis, in his anger omissis (I will know, what an actor
is, my crazy girl

Anna, my Orson, gentle bear like the rumble of thunder) his pauses
shamelessly displayed

to weigh suspenses from Gennura's omission,
the high tones are omitted which shows desperation
for a "cuckold" which for me, from Collegno, is flatus vocis.
Do you see it, punters? He has no restraint
in reiterating the rules of a profession in front of those who have such a
supremely modest idea of the profession.

And then of many Christian realities and unrealities
What trace is left over his traumas?
The blood of Christ has become sealing wax,
the sealing wax powder, the powder omitted.
Not a word, or an accent, or a look,
ah, take a look, they are Christians, for whom
he has the habit, not very civil, of course, and a little distressing, of
requesting this from someone who speaks, from someone who watches.

Ah, sweet religion, so often betrayed, in the man in whom you have dried
up, madness is born.

His eyes do not dare to look, it is there in them
the reverse of light. His face goes white
and it is filled with red spots, perverse. The ego suffers
an unaesthetic erection: he has an unhappy love for himself, as an oral verse
by Elsa Morante says.

And then, in front of these souls, Evil
it is the only reality. Enter a shop,
wearing black gloves and hat, loading a gun
with golden bullets. Then he founded
a new cult, with suburban rites,
and clandestinely spreads it, representing
off-screen ejaculations. Where Christianity
it is not reborn, it rots. And, contradiction
a thousand times, a thousand times alluded to
from my irreducible Christ,
ends up defended by some mad Herodian
macabrely devoid of any sense of the ridiculous.

Thursday, March 7 (morning)

Behold, I have been condemned.

Personal fact, hemlock that I'll have to drink myself.

Like the hero of an operetta of pain, in buskins

among the low choir, I descend into the night - warm -
the horrible staircase. The friends go out to dinner.
Alone. With three photographers' cats, and the little one
crowd that I don't look at, hero included in his pain.
These are the streets I walk every evening,
but now revealed in their true reality:
they are not my possession, my landscape,
my intimacy, but they belong to others,
and their value now appears supremely foreign to me.
The monstrous warmth of a spring that doesn't exist,
the infinite confidence of things known and rediscovered, the urban
solitudes in the tender air of the immediate after-dinner, still winter... Naive
hopes,
poetic myths of a soul, which, in reality, is her,
the guest, she, the poor visitor who no one knows, and no one has the right
to be here.

With arrogant certainty, however, it is they who now say they are masters of
this city stripped of poetry:

they, champions not of a political idea, but of a class, with their homes,
their families, their friendships, which have deep roots here, with unfair taste
and unjust conscience: but with full right.

I looked at this "class" in the face, all day, and I was terrified that the
fathers had monsters.

The hysterical discoloration of the skin (omissis,
omissis, omissis), the small eyes
sheathed between two small uterine eyelids,
the sagging mouth of the Neapolitan eater
of fetid foods (omissis, omissis,
omissis), in which, in Spanish blood
blood of street vendors leaks.

And this effigy, which was noble, now,
in the disproportion of the changed values of history, is that of a (omissis)
man of the state:

of the petty bourgeois and paternal state.

He is the possessor of this reality of mine,
and, in this consciousness, reality is stripped,
you do something repulsive, naked, like in dreams.

Only: me, and the slime that the monster leaves as it passes over the world.

APPENDIX

THE LACK OF DEMAND FOR POETRY

Like a sick slave, or a beast,

I wandered through a world that was assigned to me, with the slowness that
monsters have

of the mud - or of the dust - or of the forest -
crawling on its belly - or on flippers
vain for dry land - or wings made of membranes...

There were embankments or roadbeds around,
or perhaps abandoned stations at the bottom of the city
of deaths - with the streets and underpasses
of the dead of night, when they can only be heard
frighteningly distant trains,
and the flushing of drains, in the definitive cold,
in the shadow that has no tomorrow.

So, as I stood like a worm,
soft, repugnant in its naivety,
something passed in my soul - like
if on a clear day the sun darkened;
above the pain of the tired beast,
another pain arose, more petty and dark,
and the dream world cracked.

«No one asks you for poetry anymore!»

And: «Your time as a poet has passed...»

«The fifties are over in the world!»

«You turn yellow with the ashes of Granisci,
and everything that was life pains you
like a wound that reopens and causes death!

IV - THE BOOK OF CROSSES

« In its further evolution this
school ends in a vile whining..."

Marx-Engels: Manifesto of the C.P.

THE NEW HISTORY

Exit from a fund
of poplars, in crowds
clean on the plain

color of the sea,
without the shadow of mountains
- leaving the Lodi fields -
began to fly

without flapping its wings, a low and slow flight, certainly in harmony with
the horizons of the greenish countryside high above the skyline, which now
became, in silence, the outskirts. A skyscraper turned against the clear spaces

of Lombardy crops,
with the sacrilegious kicks
against brown
of the last furrows,
and the green, as if lost
at the bottom of the sea,
of the crowds of poplars,
who, sacred, they knew
uncles and cousins over the years
concluded in the sun of centuries.

Then another meeting
of skyscrapers, with long
cracks in the sky, the sky
white on that greenish,
discovered by the slow
flight overview,
and then... To the right

the white forest of factories - sweet, too, and square, like the farmhouses,
with the paleness of the severe orange sun, the corners, the long rectangular
shapes of the walls, and the trapezoids of violet or golden roofs, were a
perfection,

in superb rigor
of a small canvas without
claims, in power
of a hard, absorbed one
modernity. Instead, to the left
absurd to mild eyes
of those who flew, in the infinite
inlays of the humblest roofs,
an arch loomed.

It was against the sun...
...And the sun behind him
falling into the hole in the sky,
it was a tremendous sprout,
a chilled wine, in shape
of tulip or ball.
The gentle rush of running
he left it behind

spitting it into the sky, onto the gold of the roofs. Until he arrived against
that arch, which welcomed, alone, the light of blood clotted in the shape of a
rose, a dazzling round spot madly sliding across the sky of Milan...

... neo-classical arch, perhaps,
or perhaps, raised to triumphs
of the little kings of the nineteenth century,
or even floral,
some yellowish material
of graves, unless
poor bow only against
the fist of bloody light,
it wasn't a pure message
abandoned there since the seventeenth century,
in the useless baroque majesty,
to protect ghosts
southern, from Seville,
of Naples, in the sun
of the centuries; slow passing
like the flight of that soul.
The sun passed into the room
of the flowered vault
of stone as sad as clay,
very far away - there where
every Carnival hilarity
she was buried. The fist
of luminous blood

shone desperately and absurdly under the arch of triumph, open only in the
desert of the sky. Then, to the right and to the left, at the flight that timidly

ended, no higher than an embankment can be, was, in silence, the glory of the city,

The great palaces of the people, e
the first faces: that
bored of a cyclist
leaning on the bar,
that of two or three women
waiting for the tram,
at the time when it is empty
to host only
the scent of the sun.

But above all, in
final fatality of the flight,
the soul saw beneath itself,
around him, painted
by the soft rays of a sun
lost in the aridity of the sea,
sublime forms of factories:

the surrounding walls, the deserted courtyards, the quiet sheds, without a noise, or a shot, or a curl of smoke... Shrines of rustic silence, where only one thing had strength and voice, the surnames - the surnames of the owners, in black characters on severe kicks,

like resounding warnings
from other realities. They seemed
words of welcome,
to that soul that has arrived
flying over the absorbed one
suburbs, words
in the language of Kabbalah,
painted there by destiny
almost sweetly
in black characters.

«All this is mine.

My grandparents here
and my fathers created
a master condition,
and here I am in charge.

This is my last name
of absent, serene as
surnames in the graveyards. Here is my property, not my person.

It is captured in the heart of the city, which you see unfolding before your
eyes on the horizons high above the skyline. She is based, my reality, within
the walls, in one

wonderful proportion
among my power
and my modesty
of a son of a province
mystically bourgeois.
Here in the peripheral realms
of production, you see
shine the sun. Why
Carnivals were danced,
here, Po Valley masks
they went crazy, jocularists and soldiers,
good people, sons of fathers
Christians, who know
judge and condemn,
and dreamy firecrackers
they exploded, and blood ran,
rapes occurred, it spread
the plague, dinners were held
which ended in death
and meals worthy of Gods.»

So with these teachings
and these dreams in my heart,
the soul seemed moved,
in the flight that ceased,
enter a tomb
deafening, electrocuted
from fresh, smoky

beams of light: and the pedestrians who came and went, in the shadow of
the enormous iron gabion, were birds, mysterious, inexpressive birds, with
their nests in distant and enormous concrete majesties...

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From that cage I came out...
Nobody looked at me.
For what distraction?
For what immersed thought
without mercy in your heart?
For what exclusive
incommunicable passion?

Like an old paper, a piece of newspaper dragged across the pavement by
the wind, I wandered, ignored, against the corners of marble and brass, the
severe little trees of the North, the windows of a Bank... The future of man!
Nobody knew anything anymore about pity, about hope: they knew,
in this fierce city,
only the future,
as they already knew life.
Everyone had it in their hearts,
daily passion, taken for granted
novelty, light of the new story.
And I no longer understand
what could it matter to him,
to have meaning for them
to make them laugh, to make them cry,
I was an old piece of newspaper,
carried by the new wind
between their Angels' feet.

PROPHECY

To Jean-Paul Sartre, who told me
the story of Ali with Blue Eyes.

He was a son in the world
and one day he went to Calabria:
it was summer, and they were
the huts are empty,
new, in pandizucchero,
from fairy tales of color
of feces. Empty.

Like pigsties without pigs, in the center of vegetable gardens without
lettuce, of fields without soil, of riverbeds without water. Cultivated by the
moon, the countryside.

The ears grown through the mouths of skeletons. The wind from the Ionian
Sea shook black straw

as in prophetic dreams:
and the moon the color of feces
he cultivated land
that summer never loved.

And it was in the son's time
that this love could
begin, and it did not begin.

The son had eyes
of burnt straw, eyes
without fear, and saw everything
what was bad: nothing
he knew about agriculture,
of reforms, of struggle
trade union, benefactor bodies,
he. But he had those eyes.

The tragic full moon
sun, he was there, cultivating
those five thousand, those twenty thousand
scattered acres of fairy houses
of the time of television,
pigsties in pandizucchero, for
dignity imitated by the master world.

But you can't live there! Ah, how much longer will the worker of Milan
fight so fiercely for his salary? The son's burned eyes, in the moon, among the

tragic hectares, see what the distant northern brother does not know. It was the time

when a new Christianity
it reduced the world to darkness
of capital: a story ended
in a twilight when they happened
the facts, in ending and in birth,
known and unknown. But the son
he trembled with anger during the day
of its history: over time
when the Calabrian farmer
he knew everything, about chemical fertilizers,
of the trade union struggle, of the jokes
of the Benefactor Bodies, of the
State demagoguery
and the Communist Party...
...and so he had abandoned
his new huts
like pigs without pigs,
on feces-colored clearings,
under round mounds
in view of the prophetic Ionian.

Three millennia vanished
not three centuries, not three years, and the wait of the Greek colonists
could once again be felt in the malarial air. Ah, how much longer, worker from
Milan, will you fight just for wages? Don't you see how these people here
venerate you?

Almost like a master.
They would take you up
from their ancient region,
fruits and animals, theirs
dark fetishes, to lay them down
with the pride of the ritual
in your twentieth century rooms,
between refrigerator and television,
attracted by your divinity,
You, of the Internal Commissions,

you of the CGIL, Allied Divinity,
in the wonderful Northern sun.

In their Land of races
different, the moon cultivates
a campaign that you
you have procured him in vain.

In their Land of Beasts
Family members, the moon
she is a teacher of souls that you

you have modernized unnecessarily. Ah, but the son knows: the grace of
knowledge is a wind that changes course, in the sky. It blows now perhaps from
Africa and you listen to what by grace the son knows. (If he doesn't smile it's
because there's hope for him

it was not light but rationality.

And the light of feeling
of Africa, which suddenly
sweeps Calabria, let it be a sign
meaningless, valid
for future times!) Here:

you will stop fighting
for the salary and you will arm
the hand of the Calabrians.

Ali with Blue Eyes
one of the many children of children,
will come down from Algiers, on ships
sailing and rowing. They will be
with him thousands of men
with little bodies and eyes
of poor fathers' dogs

on boats launched in the Kingdoms of Hunger. They will take the children
with them, and the bread and cheese, in the yellow cards of Easter Monday.

They will bring their grandmothers and donkeys on triremes stolen from
colonial ports.

They will land in Crotone or Palmi,
by the millions, dressed in rags
Asians, and American shirts.
Immediately the Calabrians will say,

like rascals to rascals;
«Here are the old brothers,
with children and bread and cheese!»
From Crotone or Palmi they will go up
to Naples, and from there to Barcelona,
in Thessaloniki and Marseille,
in the Underworld Cities.
Souls and angels, mice and lice,
with the germ of Ancient History,
they will fly in front of the willayes.

They are always humble
they are always weak
they are always shy
they are always low
they are always guilty
they are always subjects
they are always small,

they who never wanted to know, they who only had eyes to beg, they who
lived like murderers under the earth, they who lived like bandits at the bottom
of the sea, they who lived like madmen in the middle of the sky, they who built
themselves

laws outside the law,
they who adapted
to a world beneath the world
they who believed
in a God servant of God,
they who sang
to the massacres of kings,
they who danced
to bourgeois wars,
they who prayed
to workers' struggles...
...laying aside honesty
of peasant religions,
forgetting honor
of the underworld,
betraying candor

of barbarian peoples,
behind their Ali
from the Blue Eyes - will come out from under the earth to rob -
they will rise from the bottom of the sea to kill, - they will descend from the
sky to expropriate - and to teach their fellow workers the joy of life -
to teach the bourgeois
the joy of freedom -
to teach Christians
the joy of death
- they will destroy Rome
and its ruins
they will lay the germ
of Ancient History.
Then with the Pope and every sacrament
they will go like gypsies
up towards the West and North
with red flags
of Trotzky in the wind...

V - A DESPERATE VITALITY

POEM FOR A LINE BY SHAKESPEARE

In the dark corner at ten in the morning, he leaves me: and he stays like a
bird of the rainy months - emigrated from lands that do not yet have a name -
which hides in some thicket to sleep when the day begins (etc. etc. .

«mystify» in no uncertain terms, the pretextuality of literary inspiration, the
absurd foundation of the poem, etc.)

Ah, sleeping bird! gray as mud, white as the ten o'clock sun, with his head
innocently lifeless under his wing, I don't know where, I don't know how - but I
know you are there. Indeed, I would say that, in your morning silence, in your
absence, the desire to die is even clearer; and in fact it is like a child that I
enjoy this hour granted once again, ten o'clock, with the rain, the noises of the
neighborhood tenderly in tune with the blows of the ax of a wood splitter in
some garden in the middle of the city.

(Evanescent truth of the domestic situation, the narcissistic obsession,
always for the infatuated, arbitrary irrationality of the idea of abjuration etc.
etc.) In my daughterly peace, but not twilight, you sleep,

where and how I don't know, Shakespeare's line, returned by seasonal
instinct (?) from lands that have nothing to do with us etc.

Heartfelt - in a gasp that turns into song from a corner, taking the cheerful
Via Carini, an Italian family car engine is here, and then slowly disappears,
heartfelt: «What you have known, you have known, the rest is not you'll know."
Won't I know? Won't I know? Ah,

little black bird, who pretends to be white,
like a village bride, with the wings of a bird of prey
in the tender grays of Friuli:

little bird with the evil eye, which pretends to be closed in the blissful sleep
of those who know landscapes of forests and deserts never seen,

I won't know? Ah, no, ah no! The hole you opened with the idea of thirty
thousand years, I will close

- and I'll close it with the idea of those "thirty thousand years" of yours!
The course of evil! the hope -

in which the veteran gloried (the Forties..., Switzerland, Yugoslavia..., the
taste of sunshine in Italy in that first spring, the failure to discover a homeland,
etc.) -

poetic pretext to the unpoetical nature of reason - which opened a glimmer
of light into the future...

Little: and little by little. First it was a matter of a generation. But then -
why only one generation?

And the entity was then that of a century, a small century, with children's
children. But here, on the lips of this century,

the Verse then laid down its claws, and tore it to pieces. The century was a
millennium, the millennium an ideal number of "thirty millennia".

Neurosis spread through the wound. And death then came from life, from
the realms that extend beyond his shadow, where there is only light, the
stupendous light of the future.

"What you have known, you have known: the rest you will not know."

Won't I know? So what was the point of a life that is nothing but the past
and is born with it every day, like a rose bush?

Then, periodically (almost menstruation, or contraction of colitis in the
poor bowels) the little bird wakes up, and it's over!

He comes, and we fight without words. An eagle on a kid: a kid though,
which bites like a wolf. She grabs me and drags me up. There is a cloud made
of orange glow. It's like an island, with the edge of the tide around it

- a thread of blackish light, etc. etc. It is swollen with mountains, an orange
sack of light, full of corn on the cob etc. - or potatoes, or animal bones -

The Roman horizon,
below, it is erased,
with the nibbled shadow of the Appia Antica.

(Other notes on «lukewarm» scenography: The field of sky, and the shadow of the Agro, everything is black, or brown - browned by the time of twilight which coincides with that of the storm. There is only that cloud of paint orange, irregular, oblong, that lot of panicles of light, in the sky).

She and I are there, fighting, like figures of a black sixteenth century painter (so as not to change, to remain consistent with the sublime translations of my historical head!) We are there, clinging like a mantis making love to a sparrow . And, seen from afar, on the slopes of the orange, glacial fire of that cloud on the outskirts of Rome, one might be uncertain whether it is coitus, sleep or a duel to the death. As long as the light remains - and remains for a long time - on that mountain of orange light, on that sparkling umbrella...

«Science of history! Monstrous schematicity
which foresees, of what was, every form,
internal, the norm, the irregularity,
and that infinity of concepts that give a name,
in the most infinite different ways,
to its aspects, its ineffabilities,
and, finally, to its mighty course!

Science of history, help me!

if I know all the infinity that is behind me,
fatal because it exists, I will be victorious."

Then, the spotlights slowly go out on that piece of sky.

Further down, at the bottom of the Tuscolana,
beyond Cinecittà, there is a meadow,
all peeled, with slight undulations, a small
desert, with a row of pylons, a power station
electric, after all, with globes of dazzling and dead light: under a pylon
without lights,

in the center of that meadow,

there is a walker waiting, in the frozen mud, for her orange jacket, her dirty
shoes, her bag.

Dressed to the nines, in blue, in black, without
coats, despite the winter cold,
groups of youngsters come and go,

with tufts, or necks placidly shorn,
the purity of ancient generations in pressed trousers.
They come and go, poetic, anonymous forms of youth.
The stars have come out, as big as walnuts.
And the moon, white and evil, blowing
his soul as big as the world
on that small lawn, with unprecedented cruelty
whitening on the Alban hills
to the last shadow of rock, the last hut,
and all the villages sparkling with light,
which lie at their feet, under Frascati.

Over that meadow, another cloud hangs [symmetrical to the previous one].
A black island, it, swollen with mountains, with udders, a sack of dark corn on
the cob, with beets of a scarlet color smeared with tar, with the drool of the tide
around it, milky (etc. etc., etc.). Everything white around, because of that
horrid, sublime moon. Only the black one, in the middle...

Fragment of a piece of sky,
in a concluded world, rigorously composed,
of lights, of stars and moon, and the black of the cloud, as if the world were
nothing but a cumulus cloud
of glittering fragments, of casual waste,
swept away by a cataclysm, and now in peace you pour,
between the celestial spaces, and these expanses of villages

on the outskirts of Rome, under the lights of Frascati.

There, on that black cloud of a storm that doesn't exist, suspended, embraced, gasping, we fight for the supreme goal of life (!).

«I must not die! You don't do it to me, Towards more cruel than any cruelest light of moon or sun, fatal because they exist! What I knew, did I know? Of course: and I know it. And whoever knows will know. The historical head gives birth to history. Ah, ah, in the Workshops of the End of the Second Millennium, didn't I fight for reason?

Then he puts me down.

He goes away, licking his feathers,

with the calm of someone who knows what they are doing.

He puts me down at the end of the Tuscolana, in the meadow.

Suddenly I find myself between two beardless men

Financial Police, four or five friends

just left a cinema,

who wander in the mud and frost,

with their light blue clothes and swelling

under the row of sacred buttons, like a humble miracle, lighthearted, sweetly cheerful.

Over the Sahara, start again.

Ideal place for our solitude: a confessional made of a sky that opens never to end. I regain all my Europeanisms, and an undaunted Italian speaker, not here at all!, I think, oh God, God, with all the vivacity of the pilgrim creature: a fire over there! A fire? Nomads? Or won't it be an atomic explosion?

Up here there is no cloud, but, last in the cosmos, the wind.

At the bottom of Algeria, before Mali, far away,

still unthinkably far away, from the Gulf of Guinea...

And it is not over there that land of infinite, tranquil, heartbreaking desert which is called Kordofan, and surrounds

lion-colored lands with the green of mangoes,

Where does my friend Denka live who dresses up naked like grandparents or worms, with a string of pearls?

I know all of my verse, do you want, coming alive in the wind that smoothes the cosmos, to hear the lesson... ("Italian-speaking", yes, and "full of non-cosmopolitan Europeanisms": irony, on melodrama - collapse of all

hope of understanding among the recipients of literature, which, by phenomenon they contradict, takes on a form of melodramatic recitative, in a generic linguistic smoothness, from "translation" - with above all the joy of suicide, for a specialized circle of recipients - the gratuitousness of those who no longer have nothing to lose, after having had so much - a linguistically unemployed person)

«Like a seventeenth-century prophet
an alternative of lust
and of sanctity, of servility
and of radical refusal! The Baroque
descends again to give unreality to men:
and the only reality is loneliness."

(They pass under forests - along the ocean - huts...)

«After a cycle of ideal relationships, a story,
this is how a soul always defends itself:
making glory of one's defeat."

«But for a soul you need to have pity
what you have for a child, an animal,
a creature that wanders alone
for the earth. Let not a soul be condemned
if he carries out these little mystifications
as big as the whole history of man!

It's to defend oneself... Don't you know? Own
together with the Baroque of Neo-Capitalism
the New Prehistory begins.

And the souls, poor innocents,
obey the ancient mechanism:
they take refuge from the evil world
on top of the stylite columns,
and there they perform painful operations,
bypassing obstacles, presenting
one's miserable escapes as Asceticism,
one's fears as contemplations."

«The least innocent of men cannot
dominate these innocent subterfuges
of the soul that remained at the beginning of the world,

and, believing herself to be as free as a puppy
from his master, he seeks a reason
to survive at the end of the world."

She lets go,

I fall astonished, like a chicken
that stops screaming and starts pecking again,
on an absurd, fiery street in Kano.

The scene represents the market, all white and yellowish, with red and
green hand embroidery: one morning

eternal like many others, and that they,
those gentle blacks of Northern Nigeria,
they know so well that they are inside

- with those eyes too beautiful to be of men and not of animals - it is not
that one of the many Apparitions of the world.

Ah, very ancient youth, always born from the same mother with the
silvery eyes of a quadruped! Disturbing tranquility of misery! Morning
whose eternity is a fluttering of white rags, worn like sick gowns, on tender
bodies, - and the drops of water from the eyes of boys as mean as goats, lost
in herds in their Middle Ages of peace... One comes, consumptive, with the
red and black cap - on the tuft with the softness of another race and the
malarial eyes, - drinks from a common bucket, taking it with a ladle, some
hairy, horrible water,

- he drinks in peace - being a boy has no future, it is an age or a sex -
then he goes, along the dry stream of the sewer, among the mud cells full
like hives of the old without the experience of the old, of mothers without
the authority of mothers, dirty like animals in pens.

She retired to sleep: I remember

that this is how the little birds they hunt sleep
the Friulian kids, after lunch

where the Tagliamento is as big as a desert,
and, among the vines still as in a dream and the mulberry trees
that already smell of silk, the fields of corn
they are like packs of roaring lions.

They sleep, or brood sleep,
in some tree that is a dream to find,
and, around, the blackberry bushes

in the whiteness of the two o'clock sun,
seem eternal, when the barefoot boys,
with light shorts,
in the solitude where the nests hang,
perhaps while the old train to Venice whistles -
they feel the first pangs of love in their belly,
and they don't know what it is, with a noise in their ears...
She sleeps, like one of those birds
summer and Po Valley, who hating the day,
they stay perched and swollen to sleep.
The request for mercy or mercy was postponed.
I walk around Kano, return to the hotel,
I take tea, in the deep summer of December, and my heart is full of that
ancient noise

- the pangs of lust in the belly,
that discolor the face and suck the blood,
like poisonous seedlings growing in my race -
among softly black boys, born
in the silken bellies of unsuspecting herbivores,
whose experience of life has no origins, suspended in a savannah, after
other savannahs, after other savannahs

.....
But time is running out.
I'm nine thousand meters above sea level,
in the night that in a peach blush, declines
beyond Aden, into the infinity where Bombay lies,
a supreme and poor gulf of the world. Under
of me, who fight like a three-year-old Don Quixote, a Boring Orlando,
pulled by my beautiful threads,
the physicality of the desert appears and persists
in the form of an incalculable number of mountains,
scary in fading their red from ocher to pink.
«Everything I knew, by grace
or by will, cease to be wisdom.
It is of no use to the boy who finds himself old
to fly in the skies of the Sahara or Arabia.

I will know. History is prophecy,
I say madly.
You will not go to rest -
to shelter you from the cursed light of day -
little Friulian bird, in woods known to me,
among the pure trees - the mulberry, the vine, the poplar, the elder, with
its fragility of spring...

And not even, anymore, in the forests around the city of Lagos, in the
pink savannahs of Sudan,

or in the violet ridges of the volcanoes of Aden -
you will go away in one verse, frustrated
from prophecy. And I in my last corner,
under the beautiful sun of the world,
Arab or Christian,
of the Mediterranean or the Indian Ocean,
unsuitable for history, unsuitable for me,
I will adapt to the future earth,
when Society returns to Nature."

And up there, where no one hears or sees us, as if I were fulfilling a
bodily need, I save the innocence of life, euphorically betraying a thousand
of my shadows sown in the corners of the world, alone in the abomination
of desolation.

He leaves me once again, happy as Socrates after scratching his ankle.

He goes to his nativity scenes, among the long pink clouds and the blue
snowy air, up there in the moralistic Keltikè.

(Continue obsessive visionary iterations, the reportage anaphorically
interpolated to the motif of the abjuration etc. Each flamboyant is a
small temple with its column and its small vault etc. emerald green and
orange-red garlands etc. [The red flowers, thick, now, as the leaves were:
and their red is a dogwood red, the color of a flag rather than a flower.] A
crowd of little temples among the lime shacks of the prison... The red, the
green, and the white, of a paradise where everything is dead - nine miles
from Mombasa. Here, many young people live; some, prisoners, among the
dry tongues of flame of the acacias, with sweet black faces, full of the same
sweet laughter, of dogwood, of flowers; young people made of sultriness, of
silk, guilty of who knows what crimes, killers of Somalis, or Ghiriama

cattle thieves; others, dressed in elegant soldiers' clothes, with their smiles of young brothers, or of mild whores , they look at them, the black or reddish rifles held loosely in their arms, in the light of the ocean sunk behind the red tongues of the acacias of Kenya...).

E...

aaaah, now I scream, inside my car
who tastes like butts, old Juliet,
born under the glare of an unlucky star
(and who in fact walks along the bad Italian roads)...

IF THE CHURCH OF GOD IS A HOUSE LOCKED FROM THE
INSIDE AND HE ONLY HAS THE KEYS, ME TOO

I LIVED IN A HOUSE LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE:

THE HOUSE OF REASON, SISTER OF PIETY. I opened the door and
came out... There is that in front of me now

damned house of God closed from the inside,
to give me an unpleasant feeling of nausea,
and, behind it, the boring History I could return to.

And instead, homeless - aaaaah, now I scream, AAAAAAAH...

Alone, inside the smell of filthy Juliet butts, on these national roads of
Captivity.

Then, since in Italy everything is halfway,
here we are fighting in mid-air,
in the Chiascio and Pescio valley.

At the height of the Portico of the Upper Church,
with a familiar and hostile wind
which descends from the Po Valley...

Tattered linen on the eternal remains of summer,
or rust fruitfulness under the adamant
snows of the fourteenth century, over there peace has gigantic combs of
furrows, for the sparse fur of the Apennines.

«I forgot the reason - the pact
with God - I cry into the winter air,
struggling like an old horse led to the slaughter -
And I love the death of the dead, the one over there
in the disconsolate Apennines,
evidenced by the surviving stone dividing the property!

baroque! octagonal! with writings on parchment
of marble rolled up like protruding ears!

Man will never be able to adapt to Society."

From Foligno or Perugia comes the sound of the snow, the sound of
bells, with the cries of motorbikes

in heartfelt workshops,
open on valleys, on deserted curved roads,
or secondary dirt roads, which go
towards frozen villages, in the little brown color
barracks, power plants...

I shout in the church air:

«I also love Giotto's death,
that I no longer like, down there, in that sad nave, small as a pirate ship,
painter with a short head like Umbria!

I might even give it a coat of whitewash
on those memorable frescoes full of devotees
that the devotees do, with the brownish, washed-out saint
that against flows of Prussian blue,
acts the saint: Dissociation without any more Allusion,

FOR THE DEATH OF THE LIVING WANTS THE DEATH OF THE
DEAD.»

.....
On the motorway between Bologna and Milan, here, then,
it sends a thousand midges onto my windshield,
each a little monster
to tell the events of the evening like a herald
which descends onto the farmhouses, into the sublime greens
pale spaces still sunny against the Alps.

«And the frost - the herald tells me with a trickle of blood, dying, with
the pronunciation of an amanuensis,

lost after death, after death -
it is the frost of the Po regions,
that you know, but you no longer want to know."

I shout, in the sky where my mother lived:

«With incorrigible naivety
- at the age that should be that of a man -

I oppose arbitrariness to dignity
(which, after all, is not what interests children).

And, for a little science of history that gives me experience of how great
the tragedy of a story that ends, I take all the innocence of future life!"

I cry, in the sky where my cradle rocked;

«None of the problems of the fifties

I CARE MORE! I CHEAT ON BRUISES

MORALISTS WHO HAVE MADE SOCIALISM A CATHOLICISM
EQUALLY BORING! AH, AH, THE PROVINCE BUSY!

AH, AH, THE COMPETITION TO BE ONE MORE RATIONAL
POET THAN THE OTHER!

THE DRUG, FOR POOR PROFESSORS, OF IDEOLOGY!

I REJECT FROM THE RIDICULOUS DECADE!»

THE BEAUTIFUL FLAGS

Morning dreams: when

the sun already reigns,

in maturity

that only the street vendor knows,

who has been walking the streets for many hours

with a sick beard

on the wrinkles of his poor youth:

when the sun reigns

on realms of already warm vegetables, on tents

tired, crazy

whose clothes already darkly smell of poverty

- and already hundreds of trams have come and gone

along the rails of the avenues that surround the city,

inexpressibly fragrant,

the dreams of ten in the morning,

in the sleeper, alone,

like a pilgrim in his kennel,

an unknown corpse,

- appear in shiny Greek characters,

and, in the simple sacredness of two three syllables,

filled, precisely, with the whiteness of the triumphant sun -

they divine a reality,

matured deep down and now already ripe, like the sun, to be enjoyed, or to cause fear.

What does the morning dream tell me?

«the sea, with slow, grandiose waves of blue grains, crashes down, working with uterine fury,

irreducible,

and almost happy - because it gives happiness
verifying even the most atrocious act of destiny -

crumble your island, which now

it is reduced to a few meters of land..."

Help, loneliness advances!

It doesn't matter if I know that I wanted it, like a king.

In my sleep, in me, a silent child is frightened,

and asks for mercy, rushes to take action,

with an agitation

that "virtue disenchant", poor creature.

The idea terrifies him

of being alone

like a corpse at the bottom of the earth.

Goodbye, dignity, in the dream, even if it is morning!

Whoever has to cry cries,

whoever has to cling to the tails of other people's clothes, clings, and
pulls them, and pulls them,

so that those faces the color of mud turn away,

and look into his terrified eyes

to find out about his tragedy,

to understand how scary his state is!

The whiteness of the sun, above everything,

like a ghost that history

presses on the eyelids

with the weight of baroque or Romanesque marble...

I wanted my solitude.

For a monstrous trial

that perhaps he could reveal

just a dream within a dream...

And in the meantime, I'm alone.

Lost in the past.

(Because man has only one period in his life.) Suddenly my poet friends,

who share the ugly whiteness like me
of these Sixties,
men and women, just a little older
or younger - they are there, in the sun.

I didn't know how to have grace
to hold them close to me - in the shadow of a life
which takes place too closely
to the radical sloth of my soul.

Old age, then, did
of my mother and me
two masks
which however have lost nothing
of morning tenderness

- and the ancient representation
it repeats
in authenticity
that only dreaming within a dream,
I could perhaps call by his name.

The whole world is my unburied body.

Crumbled atoll
from the blows of the blue grains of the sea.
What to do, if not, while awake, have dignity?

The hour of exile has come,
perhaps: the hour in which an ancient would have given reality
to reality,

and the loneliness that has grown around him,
it would have taken the form of solitude.

And I instead - as in the dream -

I persist in giving myself painful illusions,
of an earthworm paralyzed by incomprehensible forces:
"hand! hand! it's just a dream!

reality
it's outside, in the triumphant sun,

in the avenues and empty cafes,
in the supreme aphonia of ten in the morning,
a day like any other, with its cross!»
My friend with the pope's chin, mine
friend with the brown eye...
my dear friends from the North
founded on elective affinities as sweet as life
- I'm there, in the sun.
Even Elsa, with her blond pain,
she - wounded, fallen steed,
bloody - it's there.
And my mother is close to me...
but beyond any time limit:
we are two survivors in one.
His sighs, here, in the kitchen,
his ailments at every shadow of degrading news,
to any suspicion of the recovery
of the hatred of the pack of sneering goons
under my dying room
- are nothing but the naturalness of my solitude.
Like a wife burned at the stake with the king,
or buried with him
in a grave that goes away like a little boat
towards the millennia - the faith of the 1950s,
it's here with me, already slightly beyond the limits of time, letting it
crumble too
from the furious patience of the blue grains of the sea.
E...
my loves of pure sensuality,
replicated in the sacred valleys of lust,
sadistic, masochistic, the trousers
with their warm bag
where a man's fate is sealed
- they are acts that I alone perform
in the middle of the stupendously upset sea.
Little by little the thousands of sacred gestures,

the hand on the warm swelling,
the kisses, each time to a different mouth,
more and more virgin,
ever closer to the enchantment of the species,
to the rule that makes children tender fathers,
very quietly
they have become stone monuments
that crowd my solitude by the thousands.
They wait
that a new wave of rationality,
or a dream you had at the bottom of a dream, you talk about it.
So I wake up,
Once again:
and I get dressed, I sit at the work table.
The sunlight is already more mature,
the farthest street vendors,
more acrid, in the markets of the world, the warmth of vegetables, along
avenues with an inexpressible scent,
on the shores of seas, at the foot of volcanoes.
The whole world is at work, in its future era.
But that something "white"
than in Greek letters
presented to me, irrevocably, the knowing dream,
stays on me - dressed,
at the work table.
Marble, wax, or lime
in the eyelids, at the corners of the eyes:
the joyfully Romanesque whiteness,
hopelessly baroque, of the sun in sleep.
Of that whiteness was the true sun,
the walls of the factories were of that whiteness,
of that whiteness
it was the same dust (on dry afternoons, when it rained a little the day
before),
of that whiteness were the woolen rags,
the gray jackets and frayed trousers

of the workers
who could still have been partisans:
of that whiteness
it was the heat of the new spring,
oppressed by the memory of other springs
buried for centuries
in those same suburbs and towns,
- and ready, God!,
ready to be reborn,
on those walls, on those streets.
On those walls, on those streets,
soaked in strange perfume,
where they bloomed red in the warmth
the apple trees, the cherry trees: and their red color
it had a browning, like
if he were immersed in a hot stormy air,
an almost brown red, cherries like plums,
little apples like plums, peeking out,
tra le Brunette, intense
textures of foliage, calm, almost spring
he wasn't in a hurry,
wanted to enjoy that warmth in which the world breathed, burning, in
the old hope, with a new hope.
And, above all, I wave it,
the humble, lazy waving
of red flags. God!, beautiful flags
of the Forties!
Waving one above the other, in a crowd of canvas
poor, reddish, of a true red,
which shone through with the shining misery
of silk blankets, of the laundry of working families
- and with the fire of cherries, apples, violet
from the humidity, sanguine from a bit of sun hitting it, burning red
bundled up and trembling,
in the heroic tenderness of an immortal season!
A DESPERATE VITALITY

I

(Drafted in «cursus» of «slang» language
current, of the background; Fiumicino, the old castle and a first real idea
of death.)

Like in a Godard film: alone
in a car racing along the highways
of Latin Neo-capitalism - returning from the airport -
[Moravia remained there, pure among his suitcases]
alone, «driving his Alfa Romeo»
in a sun unrepresentable in rhymes
not elegiac, because celestial
- the most beautiful sun of the year -
like in a Godard film:
under that sun that fainted motionless
unique,
the canal of the port of Fiumicino
- a motor boat that returned unnoticed
- Neapolitan sailors covered in woolen rags
- a road accident, with little crowd around...
- like in a Godard film - rediscovered
of romance on site
of neocapitalist cynicism, and cruelty -
at the wheel
on the road to Fiumicino,
and here is the castle (how sweet
mystery, for the French screenwriter,
in the troubled endless, secular sun,
this Papal beast, with its battlements,
on the hedges and rows of the ugly countryside
of the serf peasants)...
- I'm like a cat burned alive,
crushed by the tire of a lorry,
hung by boys on a fig tree,
but still at least with six
of his seven lives,
like a snake reduced to a bloody pulp

a half-eaten eel
- hollow cheeks under downcast eyes,
the hair horribly thinning on the skull
arms slimmed like those of a child
- a cat that doesn't die, Belmondo
who «at the wheel of his Alfa Romeo»
in the logic of narcissistic montage
it detaches itself from time and inserts itself into it
Himself:

in images that have nothing to do with
with the boredom of queuing for hours...
with the slow dead glow of the afternoon...
Death is not
in not being able to communicate
but in no longer being able to be understood.
And this Papal beast, not lacking
of grace - the memory
of the rustic manor concessions,
innocents, after all, buy innocents
the resignations of the servants -
in the sun that once was,
in centuries,
for thousands of noons,
here, the only guest,
this papal beast, embattled
crouched among the poplar groves of Maremma,
watermelon fields, embankments,
this armored Papal beast
by buttresses of sweet orange color
of Rome, chapped
like buildings of Etruscans or Romans,
is about to no longer be understood.

II

(Without fading, with a clear cut, I represent myself in an act - without
historical precedents - of
«cultural industry».)

I voluntarily martyred... and,
her in front, on the sofa:
shot and reverse shot, rapid flashes,
«She - I know she thinks, looking at me,
plus domestic-italic M.F.
always Godard-esque - she, especially Tennessee!",
the cobra with the wool sweater
(with the subordinate cobra
which silently skims magnesium).
Then loudly: «Can you tell me what you are writing?»
«Verses, verses, I write! verses!
(damn idiot,
verses that she doesn't understand, deprived as she is
of metric knowledge! Verses!)
verses no longer in triplets!
Do you understand?
That's what matters: no more triplets!
I have returned tout court to the magma!
Neo-capitalism has won, I am
On Pavement
as a poet, ah [sob]
and as a citizen [another sob].”
And the cobro with the pen:
«The title of your work?» "I don't know...
[He now speaks softly as if intimidated, playing the part that the
interview, having accepted, requires him to do: how little he is
to extinguish
his grit
in a snout condemned to death]
- perhaps... “The Persecution”
or... “A new prehistory” (or Prehistory)
o...
[And here it rises up, regains control
the dignity of civil hatred]
“Monologue on the Jews”...
[Bark

speech as the weakness of the arsi
of the disjointed octonary: magmatic!]
"And what are you talking about?"
«Well, of my... of your death.
It is not in not communicating, [death]
but in not being understood...
(If he knew, the cobra
that is a weak thought
done returning from Fiumicino!)
They are almost all lyrical, whose composition
of time and place
It consists, strangely!, of a car race...
meditations from sixty to one hundred and twenty per hour...
with quick overviews and tracking shots
to follow or precede
on significant monuments, or groups
of people, inspiring
to an objective love... of a citizen
(or road user)...”
«Ah, ah - [it's the cobra with the pen laughing] - and...
Who is there who doesn't understand?"
“Those who no longer belong to us.”

III

Those who no longer belong to us!
Dragged away by a new breath of history
to other lives, with their innocent youth!
I remember it was... for a love
that invaded my brown eyes and honest trousers, the house and the
countryside, the morning sun and the evening sun... on good Saturdays
of Friuli, on... Sundays... Ah!, I can't
not even pronouncing this word of passions
virgins, of my death (seen in a ditch
dry tingling with primroses,
between rows stunned by gold, close by
of dark farmhouses against a sublime blue).
I remember that in that monstrous love

I could scream in pain
for Sundays when it will have to shine
«above the children's children, the sun!»
I was crying, in Casarsa's bed,
in the room that smelled of urine and laundry
on those Sundays that shone to death...
Incredible tears! Not only
for what I was losing at that moment
of poignant immobility of splendor,
but for what I would have lost! When
new youth - that I couldn't even think of,
so identical to those they were now wearing
of white socks and English jackets,
with the flower in the buttonhole - or of fabrics
dark, for weddings, treated with daughterly kindness,
- they would have populated the Casarsa of future lives, unchanged,
with its stones and its sun
that covered her with dying golden water...
For an epileptic fit of pain
homicide, protested
like a life sentence prisoner, closing myself off
in camera,
without anyone knowing,
to scream, with your mouth
covered by blackened blankets
for iron burns,
the dear family blankets,
on which I grew the flowers of my youth.
And an after lunch, or an evening, screaming
I ran,
on the streets on Sunday, after the match,
at the old cemetery, there behind the railway,
to do, and to repeat, to the point of bloodshed
the sweetest act of life,
me alone, on the mound of earth
of two or three tombs

of Italian or German soldiers
nameless on the plank crosses
- buried there since the time of the other war.
And then at night, among the dry tears, the bodies
bleeding of those poor unknown people
dressed in grey-green cloths
they came in bunches over my bed
where I slept naked and emptied,
to get dirty with blood, until dawn.
I was twenty, not even - eighteen,
nineteen... and a century had already passed
since I was alive, a whole life
consumed by the pain of the idea
that I could never give my love
if not to my hand, or to the grass of the ditches,
or perhaps in the dirt of an unattended grave...

Twenty years, and, with his human story and his cycle of poetry, a life
had ended.

IV

(Resumption of the interview, and confusing explanations on the
function of Marxism, etc.)

(Ah, mine is but a visit to the world!)

But let's get back to reality.

[She is here, with a visibly worried face but lightened by good manners,
waiting, in the "grey" frame, according to the good rule of French
classicism. A Léger)

«In your opinion then - he says, reticently,
nibbling the ballpoint pen - which is it
the function of the Marxist?» And he is about to notice.

«With... the delicacy of a bacteriologist... I would say [I stammer,
overcome by death impulses]

move masses from Napoleonic, Stalinist armies...

with billions of annexes...

so that...

the mass that calls itself conservative

[of the Past] lose it:

the revolutionary masses, buy it
rebuilding it in the act of winning it...

It's for the Conservation Instinct
that I am a communist!

A move

on which life and death depend: forever and ever.

Do it slowly, like when

a captain of genius unscrews

the safety of an unexploded bomb, and,

for a moment, he can remain in the world

(with its modern blocks of flats, around the sun)

or be erased forever:

an inconceivable disproportion

between two horns!

A move

to be done slowly, stretching the neck,

bending over, curling up on his belly,

biting your lips or squeezing your eyes shut

like a bowler

which, by wriggling, tries to dominate

the course of his shot, to rectify it

towards a solution

which will dictate life for centuries."

V

Life through the ages...

This is what he was alluding to

So - last night...

shrunk in the short segment of his moan -

that distant train...

That groaning train

disconsolate, as if amazed to exist,

(and, at the same time, resigned - because every act

of life is a segment already marked in a line

which is life itself, clear only in dreams)

that train moaned, and the act of moaning

- unthinkably far, beyond the Appie

and the Centocelles of the world -
was united with another act: casual union,
monstrous, bizarre
and so private
than just beyond the line of my eyes
maybe closed, it is possible to know about it...
Act of love, mine. But lost in misery
of a body granted by miracle,
in the effort of hiding, in panting
along a gloomy railway track, treading mud in a countryside cultivated
by giants...

Life through the ages...
like a shooting star
beyond the sky of gigantic ruins,
beyond the properties of the Caetani or the Torlonia,
beyond the Tuscolane and the Capannelle of the world -
that mechanical moan said:
life over the centuries...
And my senses were there listening to him.
I caressed a disheveled and dusty head,
of the blonde color that one must have in life,
of the plan that destiny wants,
and an agile and tender little horse's body
with the rough fabric of clothes that smell like a mother: I was
performing an act of love,
but my senses were listening:
life over the centuries...
Then the blonde head of destiny disappeared
from a hole,
in the hole was the white sky of night,
until, against that patch of sky, he appeared
another hairstyle, another nape,
black, perhaps, or brown: and me
in the lost cave in the heart of possessions
of the Caetani or the Torlonia
among the ruins built by seventeenth-century giants

in immense days of carnival, I
I was listening with my senses...
life over the centuries...
Several times in the hole against the whiteness
of the night that was lost
beyond the Casiline of the world,
disappeared and reappeared the head of destiny,
with the sweetness now of the southern mother
hour of the alcoholic father, always the same
disheveled and dusty little head, or yes
composed in the vanity of a popular youth:
and I,
I was listening with my senses
the voice of another love
- life over the centuries -
which rose pure into the sky.

VI

(A fascist victory)

My guard with sorrow.

«And... then she... - [worldly, greedy smile,
with awareness of gluttony and captivating
ostentation - flaming eyes and teeth -
of a slight hesitant childish contempt
towards yourself] - then you are very unhappy!»

«Eh (I have to admit it)

I'm in a state of confusion, miss.

Rereading my typed book

of poetry (this is what we're talking about)

I had the vision... oh, wish it were

just a chaos of contradictions - the reassuring contradictions... No, it's
the vision

of a confused soul...

Every false feeling

produces the absolute security of having it.

My false feeling was that...

of health. Strange! telling her

- incomprehensible by definition,
with that lipless doll face -
I verify now with clinical clarity
the fact
that I have never had any clarity.
It's true that sometimes it can be enough,
to be healthy (and clear)
believe you are... However
(write, write!) my confusion
the consequence is current
of a fascist victory.
[new, uncontrolled, faithful
death rush]
A small, secondary victory.
Easy, then. I was alone:
with my bones, a shy mother
scared, and my will.
The goal was to humiliate the humiliated.
I have to tell you that they succeeded,
and without even much effort. Perhaps
if they had known it was that simple
they would have bothered less, and for less!
(Ouch, I speak, you see, with a generic plural: Essi!
with the winking love of the madman towards his own evil.) The results
of this victory, then,
they too count for very little: a signature
less authoritative in peace appeals.
Well, objecti aside, it's not much.
Apart from subjects. .. But let's leave it at that:
I have described far too much,
and never orally,
my pains of a crushed worm
that raises its little head and struggles
with repugnant naivety, etc.
A fascist victory!

Write, write: let (they!) know that I know: with the conscience of a wounded bird

who meekly dying does not forgive."

VII

He doesn't forgive!

There was a soul, among those who still
they had to go down in life

- many, and all the same, poor souls -

a soul, in which in the light of brown eyes,
in the modest combed forelock it gives a maternal idea
of male beauty,
the desire to die burned.

He saw her right away
who doesn't forgive.

He took her, called her close to him,
and, like a craftsman,
up there in the worlds that precede life,
he placed his hands on her head
and pronounced the curse.

He was a candid and clean soul,
like a little boy at his first communion,
wise of the wisdom of his ten years,
dressed in white, of a cloth
chosen by the maternal idea of male grace,
with the desire to die in his warm eyes.

Ah, he saw it straight away
who doesn't forgive.

He saw the infinite capacity to obey
and the infinite capacity to rebel:
he called her to him, and worked on her
- who looked at him confidently
like a lamb looks at its just executioner -
the consecration in reverse, while
in his gaze it fell
the light, and a shadow of pity rose.

«You will descend into the world,

and you will be candid and kind, balanced and faithful,
you will have an infinite capacity to obey
and an infinite capacity to rebel.

You will be pure.

Therefore I curse you."

I still see his look

full of pity - and slight horror

that one feels for the one who inspires it,

- the gaze with which you follow

who goes, without knowing it, to die,

and, due to a necessity that dominates those who know and those who
don't know, nothing is said to them -

I still see his look,

as I walked away

- from Eternity - towards my cradle.

VIII

(Fuereal conclusion: with a synoptic table - for use by the maker of the
"piece" - of my career as a poet, and a prophetic look at the
sea of future millennia.)

«I came into the world at the time
of Analog.

Workers

in that field, as an apprentice.

Then there was the Resistance

and I

I fought with the weapons of poetry.

I restored Logic, and I was

a civil poet.

Now is the time

of psychology.

I can only write by prophesying

in the abduction of Music

due to excess of semen or piety."

*

«If analogue survives now

and Logic has gone out of fashion

(and I with her:
I no longer have requests for poetry),
the Psychogogic
there is
(despite Demagogy
more and more master
of the situation).
That's how it is
that I can write Themes and Trains
and also Prophecies;
as a civil poet, ah yes, always!»

*

«As for the future, listen:
his fascist sons
they will sail
towards the worlds of the New Prehistory.
I'll stay there,
like the one who
on the shores of the sea
where life begins again.
Alone, or almost, on the old coast
among ruins of ancient civilizations,
Ravenna
Ostia, or Bombay - it's the same -
with crumbling Gods, old problems
- such as the class struggle -
That
they dissolve...
Like a partisan
died before May 1945,
I will slowly begin to decompose,
in the heartbreaking light of that sea,
poet and forgotten citizen."

IX

(Clause)

«My God, what's wrong with him?

are you active?..."

I? - [a stammer, nefarious

I haven't taken optalidon, my voice is shaking
of a sick boy] -

I? A desperate vitality.»

NEW POETRY IN THE FORM OF A ROSE

If only I had lived

but I had delivered that letter

quiet as a beast,

that had been entrusted to me!

B. Brecht: Saint Joan of the Slaughterhouses

What do you do?

I write again

a poem in the form of a rose (3

September 1963), good missing people from Eridania!

All emigrants, like swallows, leaving the squares empty. So the problem
of our silence arises. Da Bagutta Ferrata has a strange distracted smile, like
a madman looking at another madman, only because Magone hasn't been
out for a few years

sung in cahoots in Bologna, for love,

out of pure love, etc. etc. Italy

it's fine without us,

but what do we do

in the black world?

In the second

fragrant petal is contemplated

LEONETTI... who screams your prev

from verses to Verri (while Verre in Lombardy...)

(Ravenna... Cesena... Great hopes with Einaudi, and, from
confinement, almost small Mossadeq, harbors a dream, in which De Gaulle
is King, a circle of stylcritical Esse the gnomes, and Nothingness us, his
dearest friends etc...

The dream concludes: good. He forgives the sins of sinners, good.

As an editor remade as an ant, he resumes the rapid reports for Milan,
for Rome, Einaudi, Garzanti, Romano who says goodbye to Television, and
opens up a future of series...)

But the hardworking ant has the hole
where she sits alone, and sings
like the cicada. This one
his life, but it is life
his, black.

In the third
fragrant petal is contemplated
ROVERSI, like a cloistered monk
gone mad, seeking seclusion in the
seclusion, to redo the path already taken, without biographical
information, cicada in the sun of the tomb, to transform hatred into
melancholy - in any case
that is his life, and of his life
his verses are witnesses
which make sense in con-
lyrics of pain
nero.

In the fourth
fragrant petal is contemplated
FORTINI, struck dumb by the occurrence
of his prophecies, thrown into the magma by
the moral order foreseen by him, but not like this, not like this...

And cicada-ant he too will perhaps read new texts for new prophecies,
for new reasons for damnation, and I would not be surprised if Mao sung by
unknown plaster casts in the toilets of Porta Romana, found hospitality in
such a non-Roman heart,

and Hermeticism was transplanted to Beijing
in a product for today can
rarely supposed in the heart
so black.

In one
of the most internal
petals, then, we contemplate
MORAVIA, who goes to look for certain people
coasts of Sicily - with supreme geraniums
devoured by history, by reds turned orange,

to fill an entire region with that single discolored violence -
the funerary and Hellenistic uncertainty that he chases out of his life,
but which he cannot do without, and he is interested like a strange boy in
the landscapes of the German archaeologists who are also dead: and he does
not want, does not want to make the conjunction

between his spirit and his dismay, there
leave us alone to wrestle with these
despicable literary problems
old as shit, while
he builds his life
perfect as someone who knows,
always, be outside
from black.

As for me
I left my post
of an unhired soldier, of an unwanted one
volunteer: cinema, travel, shame...

I knew it, I already knew it in the dream: but when I woke up I found
myself on the edge. Other protagonists have entered, not volunteers!, and,
once the swallows have left, they are now the ones to take the stage. The
expelled Eve laments on the laughter of Eve Nove; but what does this
matter? The real pain is understanding a reality: this being of mine again in
'63 what I was in '43 - crying boy, willing apprentice: with hair falling out
and turning grey! The expulsion from himself of the world, of me, his
foreign body, occurred in the historical ways of neo-capitalism: every man
has only one era in life, and it crumbles with his problems.

I'm not allowed to know the new one
Italy which was born as if ten years
were only one year: she already
in '64, me in '54 with everyone
Marxists like me, like
promised in the passions
nor of the old
corsi.

That
I, of the New

Course of History

- which I know nothing about - how

a non-expert, a

latecomer left out forever -

I understand only one thing: that he is about to die

the idea of man appearing in great mornings

of Italy, or India, absorbed in his little work, with a small ox, or a horse
in love with him, in a small enclosure, in a small field, lost in the infinity of
a riverbed or a valley, in sow, or plow, or pick the small red apples of the
season from the green leaves that have now turned rusty in the garden near
the house or hut,

in peace... The idea of man... who in Friuli...

or in the Tropics... old man or boy, he obeys

to those who tell him to do the same gestures again

in the infinite prison of wheat or olive trees,

under the impure sun, or divinely virgin,

to repeat his father's actions one by one,

indeed, to recreate the father on earth,

in silence, or with a shy laugh

skepticism or renunciation of those who attempt it,

because there is no room in his heart

for another feeling

than Religion.

I cried

to that image

that was ahead of the centuries

I saw disappearing from our world,

but not knowing the terms used in the circle

chosen from that world to express my farewell, I used cursus from the
Old Testament, neo-twentieth century casts, and prophesied a New
Prehistory - not better identified - where a Class became a Race to the
tremendous humor of a Pope, with Revolutions in the shape of a cross , in
command

by Accattoni and Alì with Blue Eyes -

up to these embarrassing calligrammes

of my "vile whining"

petty-bourgeois.

As

I leafed through a vain rose,
the private rose of terror
and sexuality, over the years
in which I was asked to be the partisan
who neither confesses nor cries.

THE DREAM OF REASON

Honest faced boy
and puritan, you too, of childhood,
you have cowardice as well as purity.
Your accusations make you mediator who brings
its purity - ardor of blue eyes,
virile forehead, innocent hair -
to blackmail: to relegate, with greatness
of the child, the different to the role of renegade.

No, not hope but desperation!

Because whoever will come, in the better world,
will experience an unexpected life.

And we hope for us, not for him.

To build an alibi. And this
it's right too, I know! Each one
fixes the momentum in a symbol,
to be able to live, to be able to reason.

The alibi of hope gives greatness,
admits into the ranks of the pure, of those,
which, in life, are fulfilled.

But there is a race that does not accept alibis,
a race that laughs the moment it laughs
remembers the crying, and in the crying of the laughter,
a race that does not exempt itself a day, an hour,
from the duty of the possessed presence,
of the contradiction in which life does not grant
never any fulfillment, a race that does
of one's meekness an unforgiving weapon.

I am proud of being of this race.

Oh, boy me too, of course! But
without the mask of integrity.
Don't point at me, being strong
of noble feelings - as is yours,
how is our hope as communists -
in the light of those who are not among the ranks
of the pure, in the crowds of the faithful.
Because I am. But naivety
it's not a noble feeling, it's a heroic one
vocation to never give up,
to never fixate on life, not even in the future.
Handsome men, men who dance
like in Chaplin's film, with little girls
tender and naive, among woods and cows,
men of integrity, in health
own and of the world, men
solid in youth, cheerful in old age
- the men of the future are the MEN OF THE DREAM.
Now my hope has no
smile, or human silence:
because it is not the dream of reason,
but it is reason, sister of mercy.
EPISTOLARY FRAGMENT, TO THE CODIGNOLA BOY
Dear boy, yes, of course, let's meet,
but don't expect anything from this meeting.
If anything, a new disappointment, a new
empty: of those who do well
to narcissistic dignity, like a pain.
At forty I'm like I was at seventeen.
Frustrated, the forty-year-old and the seventeen-year-old
you can, of course, meet them, stammering
convergent ideas on problems
between which two decades open, an entire life,
and which are apparently the same.
Until a word, coming from the uncertain throats,
dried up with tears and the desire to be alone -

reveals the inevitable disparity.
And, at the same time, I will also have to be a poet
father, and then I will fall back on irony
- which will embarrass you: being the forty year old
happier and younger than the seventeen year old,
he, now master of life.
Beyond this appearance, this semblance,
I have nothing else to say to you.
I'm stingy with the little I have
I hold it close to my evil heart.
And the two palms of skin between the cheekbone and chin,
under the mouth distorted by smiles
of shyness, and the eye he lost
its sweet, like a sour fig,
the portrait would appear to you
precisely that maturity that hurts you,
non-fraternal maturity. What use can it be to you?
a peer - simply saddened
in the thinness that devours his flesh?
What he gave, he gave, the rest
it is dry pity.

VI - ISRAEL

A seafront. White lights, crushed.
Old flagstones, gray with tropical humidity.
Ladders, towards the sand
Black; with papers, waste.
A silence like in Northern cities.
Here are guys with filthy-colored blue jeans,
and white tights,
dirty, walking along the shoulders
- like Algerians sentenced to death.
Someone further away in the warm shadow
against other shoulders. And the sound of the sea,
which doesn't make you think... Behind the open space
of a peeling sidewalk (towards the pier),
of the boys, younger; poles; boxes

wooden; a blanket, spread out on the black sand.
They are lying there; then two get up;
they earn the opposite sidewalk,
along bar lights, with verandas of rotten wood
(memory of Calcutta... of Nairobi...)
(Dance music, far away,
in a hotel bar, of which he arrives
just a deep zoom-zom, and moans
burning with oriental musical phrases.)
They enter a shop, everything is open...
the more full of light the poorer,
without a metal, a glass... They succeed,
they descend again. They eat, in silence,
against the sea that cannot be seen,
what they bought. That
lying on the blanket he doesn't move; smoke,
with one hand on her lap. Nobody
look who looks at them (like the gypsies,
lost in their dream).
A noisy little hotel (miserable
cast of jokers, which one you can find
in the outskirts of Benevento or Avellino):
this is where I naively think about tomorrow
as on the day of Saint Peter and Paul
- and therefore my name - my destiny -
I am in the last fruit of the last branch
of a tree as big as the centuries: but here
I am at the first fruit, and at the first branch,
and between that me and this me,
there is, of the Church, the future plan
a success not a success, a coexistence
non-existent: and, like everything that must be,
atrociously strange: I look over there,
in the West, what an absurd place - beloved shores! -
of the Seed which then - as it should - grew,
changing who knows which barbarians, which saints

people's perspectives...

.....

Last leaf, therefore, of so much foliage
(as many as there are years, months, days,
of our human era
how many have lived, in Gaul, in Castile,
in Ireland, in old kingdoms of the South, chains
incalculable for two thousand miserable years...), last
leaf of so much forest, and a name
where I'm employed...
A vibrating wind blows
like metal rods, endless.

.....

I haven't found anything about him
than a dejected smell of insecticide,
in a bedroom, which one
you can live in the towns of Lower Italy,
a cot with a thin and hard mattress,
a sink where the water does not come down.
... Kafka then assumed this lineup
which leads to the hotel, with a platform
for piano, television: in the background
of the bottom of all the colonies,
with the blood of men as of calves,
uninhabited slopes and slopes, fields
left dead - and now free land -
never was freedom more mixed with death,
his face. You couldn't do it anymore,
brothers - older brothers in pain -
marked by the grandeur of evil,
and you ran away down here, you are
come to collect you down here, like
when you want to die and not die,
piling up like sheep
who believe the warmth of the sisters courage.
Trauma, so out of fashion in the world today,

from twenty, twenty-five years ago, here
you keep it, you searched this area
marginal, to preserve it, institution
of divine origin! So, over a hill
Syrian, as ugly as what remained
naked of history, no more than a blind man
piece of nature, conserve the air
of the world of the Forties. And I
served by shy, inhibited people
waiters (hair straight on the back of his neck,
puffy collars, which they cannot have
young people), I see by hallucination
a frightening hour of your history:
I say nostalgia for Europe.
I ride in a kibutz, where the sun
and silence are those of Sunday.
Who, in his mystery, has chosen meditation
almost turning his back on the world, sullen,
with few acquaintances, some on the beach,
drinking beer, at a full bar
from the splash of the lake's tide.
But the sun, the silence are masters
as in any soil in Europe,
and the anguish and happiness of everyone
to that sun, to that great silence,
they have an almost monastic absoluteness.
Ah, what ease, what right to rest,
what forgetful peace of anonymous people, in whom
he has the hatred of the invader in his heart - curious
invader, child, harmless, pure:
who is faced with his guilt
as if to something alien, unforeseen
in the anxiety of obeying God.
And the enemies, guilty of unreasonable
pity for one's land - that the unconscious
pushes from the domains of love to those

of hatred - thus resurrecting
the absurd news about destiny -
I'm up there hating, them, just hate,
angels on their unattainable mountains.

Waited, as brides wait
men to theirs.

Come back, ah come back to your Europe.
A tremendous transference of me into you,
It makes me feel your nostalgia
that you don't feel, and it gives me pain
which upsets every relationship with reality.

Europe is no longer mine! Warsaw,
Prague, Rome are gone there forever
to my life to continue a life
of which I was the son and protagonist
and which now slowly escapes me
in the color of Western days
facts foreign to my eyes!

Along the 85 km between Tiberias and the sea.
Reforestation of olive trees, dark in the sense
of hostility than from those who are guilty or afraid.

The little ones of the Arabs, yes,
they laugh, they laugh foolishly,
with a heartbreaking stupidity,
like our poor people;
the puppies of the hungry people,
the little beasts with the beautiful human eyes:
black as gall, filled with rice,
behind the hedge of pitch eyelashes,
as if they were sugar, the warmth of flowers.

The useless laughter of those born to a single destiny.
The little girls - laughing only because they are laughed at -
they move their head as if detached from their torso,
passing instinctively from laughter to dance.

And here beyond the Israeli olive trees,
stained with laborious dust, the houses

of wood and tin, the happy bidonvilles.
But here also, in the center of the region,
like a Benedictine convent in Ciociaria,
the concentration camp buildings of a kibutz.
Poor youth, there, who don't laugh.

.....
While leaning against the hood of the car
cabal sign of apprentice, uncertain
seeker of the places of God,
comes, behind a pair of camels,
to the sound of car horns
of the mythical rulers, a young Arab,
with blue jeans and a white shirt,
hands on narrow hips
from the belt - with the big buckle
below the navel, and the crotch
of the trousers low, as if by murky weight.
With stone teeth. She has a face
same as that of us Jews.
But in ours, alas, not only is it not there
never anger, nor hatred, but neither
the possibility of anger, of hatred.
Yes, he has it. Just as he is a man.
His existential certainty,
gently reproaches the cruelty of the race,
to us Jews, or rather Israelis,
that with the inability of myths,
let's hold weapons in our hands, we want
finally that the violence of reason,
know the humility of anger and hatred.
Then, the testimony of an implication,
which includes the whole story, also,
certainly, the most beautiful (...A century came,
of the Crusaders, blond - I would say Lombard,
Celts, I would say - rather than those
with whom Hitler was gangrenous in love,

Prussians or English - or the Danes
who photographs Dreyer - or the Swedes
albinos of Bergman's Northern Stories -
those poor crusaders, relatives, came
of Salimbene, my old Po Valley father,
Apennine, with slightly distorted faces
from the little sun on the banks of the Po, and reddish
for hearth fires, or brolo wine,
they came - and here was this blond
of people from Bari, or of soft, sinister people from Taranto:
innocently deprived of their homeland, or others
passions, like someone who has nothing of his own...)
They are called, poor things, Drusin, non-Arab Arabs,
inhabitants of tuff villages, ruined fortresses,
like their cousins from the Garigliano basins,
or Timavo, human pockets of history
full of life that has no end.

While... «Our boys are
like the flowers of the prickly pear,
harsh on the outside, sweet on the inside,»
the lords of Baharam say of their sons,
four warehouses, the silo, the kindergarten,
dormitories like those at Dachau:
and the peace of a Central European village
ambiguously merged with colonial peace;
they say to me, what context do they
the anxiety of those boys, the old woman
neurosis painted on the face. As
they were mine! And indeed - they are my children,
the only ones of whom I could call myself father,
poor prickly pear flowers, who don't laugh.
Fersen, Italians, Razon, French:
accomplices in this experiment
of their shared son, outside the den
of complexes and of tremendous, maternal love
paternal. I'm back in time,

in a ferocious yellowing, I know,
like that of the photographs of '44,
and even older: they complete, dutifully,
what human destiny, ageless,
repeats over the millennia, puppies, dad,
and the God who makes meek, rigid.
A day in Tel Aviv: fraternal passers-by
caught up in their destiny; and their children,
still far from that destiny,
with the freedom that comes from it -
and superiority - given that everything
it may be, for them, in the future...
In this glory, which is outside of them,
and on them there is nothing but his light,
like that of the sea sun that besieges
blind the city where they live, farm
the deeds of their day: they have not
the pang of life that passes away,
like us fathers not fathers, prefiguring
thus the indifference that will be their life.
But they are Jews. Why they behave
so, like children of Aryan bourgeois,
of the great, stupid races of the West?
Why this state of unpoeticalness?
Aren't they here to be killed?
They do not know? Why these looks
of son-fathers, in front of whom their fathers
they are nothing but miserable, fetid beasts
in the courtyards of the extermination camps,
in freight trains already full of dead?
From those sublime worms, they were born:
and now they throw death in their face
what is their life? They want them
winners: but perhaps they are not?
They stroll, they gather, beautiful,
through the streets of their city,

like in Piazza del Popolo or Montmartre,
many, beardless, in military dress:
and, from the different destiny they imagine,
a light flows into his archaic eyes
that erases the pain: and I am
like all the other kids in the world.
The Jew by culture and choice, now,
he looks at them disappointed: if this is existence
his disappointment is absurd, but if it isn't,
how much love for the meekly dead fathers!

VII - THE SOUTHERN DAWN

I

As in a yellow veil, embroidered with dust,
thick, made muddy, Jerusalem - the valley
of the Hebron - scaffolding of cracked mud
and hardened on other muds - white dung
like sugar, graffiti of chine and villages,
over slopes and villages (light as bones) -
Gehenna with its dry river
(on the horizon, a gauze overhang,
spotted with tenderly yellowed blood)
and the dreamy signs of the burial grounds
uncovered - of liberty sanctuaries,
- monstrous olive trees of mild age...
As if he were leading me inside, by the hand,
a severe Devil, of Mediterranean clay,
as if I found peace inside
that Erotomania wants for its Hell,
almost as if summer had returned
in the lime guts of seaside cities
- sex in Jerusalem, religion in Jerusalem:
together, in a severe seaside barbaric age,
lust in Jerusalem, mercy in Jerusalem,
an old provincial town in the sun.
A Norman capital in the heat of the curfew.

.....

A swarm of germs of pain
re-flourishing from ancient pathogen centers.
Unrecognizable next to me
Don Andrea, the result of condensations
of other eras: in continuity
of the official world. The heat gives him
that sense of terror, which, having become cosmic,
covers incurable wounds of a-sociality:
poor Don Andrea, he too with his
terror emerging in the priest's mask,
self-therapy, model entirely
busy with one's soul
(of which everything can be hidden, but not the eyes).
The grace of the firstborn priest with his poor mother.
The softness of European shirts on bellies
Mediterranean images of boys with grim shadows on their lips.
The printed cottons of the blackmailing pilgrims,
poor things, poor things, with their foolish Jesus in their hearts.

.....

There was no other trade than sex.
It was not Jerusalem, but Bari, but Catania.
Each floor of the hotel had its own pearl,
a sweet beast in a seat in the corridor.
Every alley under the vaults of the mustachioed populace
during the curfew he had his herds of beasts dressed in European style,
on straw seats
to the greasy coffees full of oriental light.

.....

But I was always, always missing something.
On the verge of abjection, so hopelessly
summer, like Charlot on roller skates,
Don Andrea walked beside me, a big man
of hips, with dear clumsiness
of those who have never given aesthetics to life;
the total lack of narcissism in the helmet
of cork above his collegiate head,

ah, how I felt my Venetian childhood, my mother
fearfully humble and honest: Christ
as an object of love, in the humble mechanism
of a peasant sublimation... Ariano,
Celtic, Western, from a small Venetian village -
at my side as a stateless person, who he would have wanted
to naturalize as a Jew - bore the seals
who, big touchingly awkward boy,
dark-haired, with the petulant maternal voice,
in the reassurance of dogmas...

.....

Sex in Jerusalem, clergy in Jerusalem,
together, in a rustic corrupt sub-proletarian sun, anguish in Jerusalem,
peace in Jerusalem,

a grimly cheerful old capital above Calvary.
I was walking around the hotel - it was evening -
and four or five little boys appeared,
in the meadow tiger skin, without
a cliff, a hole, a bit of vegetation
where to take shelter from possible gunshots: that
Israel was there, on the same tiger skin,
dotted with concrete houses and rooms
walls, like in every suburb.

I reached them, at that absurd point,
away from the road, from the hotel,
from the border. It was yet another friendship,
one of those that lasts an evening,
they then torment their whole life. They,
the dispossessed, and, what's more, children
(which the underprivileged have the knowledge
of evil - theft, robbery, lying -
and, of the children, the naive ideality
of feeling consecrated to the world),
they immediately had the old light of love
- like gratitude - in the back of the eyes.

And, talking, talking, until

night fell (and already someone was hugging me,
saying now that he hated me, now that he didn't,
he loved me, he loved me), I knew everything about them,
every simple thing. These were the gods,
O sons of gods, who mysteriously shot,
for a hatred that would have pushed them down from the mountains of
clay, like bloodthirsty spouses, onto the invading kibutzim on the other half
of Jerusalem...

These beggars, who go to sleep now,
outdoors, at the end of a suburban lawn.
With their older brothers, soldiers
armed with an old rifle and two mustaches
of mercenaries resigned to old deaths.
These are the Jordanians, terror of Israel,
these who cry in front of me
the ancient pain of refugees. One of them,
deputy of hatred, already almost bourgeois (of blackmailing moralism,
of nationalism that blanches with neurotic fury) sings me the old refrain
learned from his radio, from his kings -
another, in his rags, listens absently,
while, like a puppy, he clings to me,
not feeling anything else, in the border meadow,
in the Jordanian desert, in the world,
what a miserable feeling of love!
An airplane where you drink champagne, Caravelle
that the captain announces flying
at an "effective" average of eight hundred km per hour.
I basically stand still, drinking champagne
(poured more liberally into my glass
for literary prestige): and I know I don't have
«actually» no book in the heart, no work.
They are unfamiliar with what they "practically" are,
if I was made to remain at the feet of the world,
not here, among the masters, in a Caravelle,
which mixes Corfu with the Land of the Mazzoni
(over there, speckled with clouds),

in Rome, with the Tiber as one of the thousand Jordans.
Do I have to go back poor? Unknown? Lad?
I don't know how to "actually" be a father, a master.
My influence, my fame is ridiculous.
Father, what is happening to me?
Something is always missing, there is a void
in my every intuition. And it's vulgar,
this not being complete, it is vulgar,
I have never been so vulgar as in this anxiety,
this "not having Christ" - a face
that it is an instrument of not all work
lost in pure intuition in solitude,
love with oneself without other interests
that love, style, that which confuses
the sun, the true sun, the fiercely ancient sun,
- on the elephant backs of barbarian castles,
on the huts of the South - with the sun
of the film, pasty grainy gray,
whiteness from waste, and countertyped, countertyped,
- the sublime sun that is in the memory,
with as much physicality as in the now
in which it is high, and goes into the sky, towards
endless sunsets of miserable villages...
A whiteness of quicklime, high,
- whitening after a plague
which therefore means health and joy
mornings, tingling noons - it's the sun
that puts light paste on paste
of the living shadow, haloing, in threads
of supreme whiteness, or covering
of burning white the burning white
of a porous wall like bread dough
popular medieval surface
- Bari Vecchia, a high village
on the sea sick with too much peace -
a white who is privilege and brand

of humble people - here they are, who, like miserable Arabs,
inhabitants of ancient fiery Subtopias,
they fill warehouses with children, alleys with grandchildren,
rag interiors, quicklime doors,
lace curtain openings, paving stones
of water smelling of fish and piss
- everything is ready for me - but something is missing.
The idea of failing in my duty
just for having idled an hour, or having lost
one day putting it off until the morning
a departure - for being late
the night (it was already the orange of dawn)
in the Jolly sunk in uncivilized silence
of the General Markets time -
it is certainly a guise of another obsession.
He was born on the same shores
of this sea - but up there, at the gates
of Italy, between Venetian and mulberry phonemes,
and primroses on the banks of inconceivable ditches
here - non-classics, non-classics,
with the harshness of climates with the flavor of fire...
And here I am, in the real Italy, nation
so far away from me. And the mastery of her,
the dominion I have of it, so pure,
becomes distressingly contaminated
from that idea of failing in duty
- absurd, born up there, in the worlds
almost prenatal of primroses.
I have not yet found Capernaum, nor Gadara,
nor the slopes of Tabor - for wandering
all night etc. It was dawn!
If love had been dust and mud,
I would have covered the innocent Jolly -
and I covered it, I covered it in the wake of the body
emaciated, with dirty clothes that desecrated
the time when the sky turns orange...

I have already shot the film - and with Christ!
I found it, Christ, I represented it!
And now not finding it, not representing it
it is nothing but a murky, naive war
of feelings that entered my soul
from a world that is not mine - which therefore alienates me.
I miss something,
but this lack does not give me pain.
The other lack, the real lack,
It has different phenomena, but it doesn't have this one
not even appearance. They are therefore sold out
the panoramic views of the pure lime alleys
and porous, with threads of burning sun on the profiles,
and the voids of shadow of a great Impressionist,
buzzing with blue... And those
those ancient mountains
straw-colored, with medieval walls
like darker straw, in the foam
dry that makes, of the light, the belly,
with profiles of black Masaccesque faces,
backlit, against chastely burning backdrops...
Believing myself dried up forever,
because this is what betraying reason leads to
even in a metric crisis,
continuing to write (when
then silence would be better)
I fill the aridity with lust,
in turn arbitrary, of action, and I do
what I did when, with the same intensity
with which you die, I really wanted it:
but the protest of the flesh that wants to be harmed,
the multiplication of sweet breads, in Bari
a night of celebration - or in the Plaia
where then a green dawn tinged with orange
he saw me having to be the happiest man on earth
- all this piling up as if in a list,

act of lust more act of lust,
in a single neighborhood, in a single city,
in the southern dawn, after long evenings
Apulian, or Calabrian, or Lucanian,
or Sicilians, among the houses of the poor,
on seas thick as slime - oh god,
it's something, little by little, so out of the norm that I feel isolated like a
person condemned to death

- and in fact between a love in ruined and fetid houses, and love in a
toilet - between a love

with sweet monkeys in packs covered in t-shirts
with the sailing ship of Saint-Tropez on his chest,
two thousand lire trousers, and a love
all about humiliating compensation negotiations, thefts,
smell of unwashed bodies and sexes - I don't have it left
than to make poetry the object of my poetry,
- if everything else is now under the sphere
of a bad death. Flesh wants blood.

So I save myself, I return to Rome with the idea
to be finished: that is, to have accomplished
my function. In every field

mona katèudo, and now it's the turn of others.
(I say this with the pain with which one dies.)

Dismissed of authority, author
no longer indispensable, loaded
of poetry and no longer a poet
(ceases, the condition of a poet,
when the myth of men

decays... and the instruments are different
to communicate with similar men... indeed,
it is better to remain silent, foreshadowing
in narcissistic strike, the last peace)

- I'm unemployed again, me,
a boy with bad and naive readings
who writes for revenge (against himself)
and offers a martyr's body to the indifferent.

Nonetheless, something very small
in the long association with the style
I gained - but beyond style, almost
for his internal liberation...
Like the condition of youth
it destroyed itself, as did the condition
of poetry has destroyed poetry.
Old Michelangelo, I'm looking for something
which the search for style helped me
only as madness, mystical repetition.

Having returned from the lowlands of Messina, from the casbah of
Catania, thus, I drag death with me into life.

II

I come back, I find the phenomenon of escape
of capital, the (infinite) epiphenomenon
of the avant-garde. The tax police
(almost philosophical verification)
on the papers of a poet)
rummages in that private fact that is money,
contaminated by charity, sorrowful
of inexplicable consumption, and full
of guilt, like a boy's body:
but with my gloating lightness because here,
there is nothing to ascertain except my naivety.
I return, and I find millions of men employed
only to live like descended barbarians
recently on a happy earth, strangers
to it, and its possessors. So on the eve
of Prehistory that will give meaning to all this,
I resume my habits in Rome
of a wounded beast, looking into the eyes,
enjoying dying, his wounders...
I'll be back... and one evening the world is new,
an evening when nothing happens - just,
I run into the car - and look down
the houses of Prenestino in blue -

I look at them, I don't notice, and instead,
this image of public housing
within the blue of the evening, it must
remain with me as an image of the world
(do men really ask for anything other than to live?)
- houses here small, moldy, with white crust,
there tall, almost palaces, earth-colored islands,
floating in the smoke that makes them stupendous,
over voids of sunken, unfinished roads,
in the mud, abandoned earthworks, and remains
of gardens with their hedges - all in silence
as for nocturnal peace, in the day. And the men
who live in Prenestino at this time
they too drowned in those striae
dreaming of celestial with dreaming lights
- almost in a twilight than ever
it should be night - almost conscious,
waiting for a tram, at the windows,
that man's true hour is agony -
and happy, almost, about this, with their little ones,
their troubles, their eternal evening -
ah, existential grace of men,
life that unfolds, only, as true,
in a landscape where every body is alone
a distant reality, a poor innocent.
I come back, and I find myself, before an appointment
from Carlo or Carlone, from Nino to Via Rasella
or from Nino to Via Borgognone in one area
object of my only acquaintances...
Two or three trams and thousands of brothers
(with the glittering bar on the forecourt,
and the pain, extinguished in Italian consciences,
of being poor, the pain of returning home,
in the mud, under new chains of buildings)
who fight, hit each other, hate each other,
for half a step on the tram, in the dark,

in the evening that ignores them, lost in chaos
than the mere fact of belonging to a remote neighborhood
it disappoints him in its being a real thing.
I get my old heart back, and I pay
the tribute to it, with tears
drive back, hate, and into the mouth
the words of the red flag,
the words that every man knows, and knows how to silence.
Nothing has changed! we are still in the 1950s!
we are in the Forties! take up arms!

But in the evening it is stronger than any pain.

Little by little the two three trams win it
on the thousands of workers, the clearing
it's the one after dinner, on the mud, serene,
the light of a billiard booth shines,
the few people queue, in the wind
of the sirocco on an evening in the year 1000, waiting
her tram to take her to the dark hamlet.

The Revolution is nothing but a feeling.

VIII - PROJECT FOR FUTURE WORKS

PROJECT OF FUTURE WORKS

Even today, in melancholic physicality
in which the nation is busy forming a Government, and the Center-Left
does it to the fragile linguists

bleed the regulatory organs - winter

It imbues distant things with dark light

and slightly lights up, mauve and green, the neighbors, in an exterior
lost in the depths of the Italian ages...

with the blue lands of Piero flowing from the unspeakable blue lands of
Languedoc... from Occitans

severity of Origins... which here, in the rude appendages of the exquisite
Centers, are green and mauve,

for mud, and sky, lemons and roses... Federici's eyes with half of his
heart in circles of rock almond trees where the light of Arabia falls, the
other half in some valley beaded with fog: with distant, madly new Alps...

I'm going crazy! I've been trying all my life

to express this dismay from Recherche
- that I already felt like a child, on the Tagliamento,
or on the Po, closer to the matrices - to the circle
of my isoglots - deaf, out of habit
to every private, infantile, uncertain
pre-expressiveness, where the heart is naked.
But I - trusting that something before I die
my thousand attempts lead to the judges -
in the era in which Italian is about to end
lost by Anglo-Saxon or Russian,
I'll be back, naked, in fact, and crazy, in April broke,
to the green April, of the illustrious language
(which never was, never was!), high-Italian...
to the Franco-Venetian Verderbnis, luxury
of crowded out-of-the-way populations...
broke April - with modernity
of Israel like an ulcer in the soul -
where I Jew offended by pity,
I find a cruel freshness of an apprentice,
in the events of the other (funeral) half
of life... I refer to myself as Catholic, nationalist, Romanesque, in my
research for «BESTEMY»,
or «THE DIVINE MIMESIS» - and, ah mystical
philology! on the days of the harvest
I rejoice as one rejoices in sowing,
with the fervor that brings about mixtures of materials
irreconcilable, magmas without amalgam, when
life is lemon or April rose.
Shit! Try to explain how they go
the things of the language, without inferring
political coincidences! unit
linguistics without base reasons
interest, without insensitivity
of a class that knows nothing about election
slang-literary! Professors of the ca.,
neo or paleo patriots, idiot heads

in so much science, that from the 12th to the 14th century
they only see running texts
of other texts... Enough: blind
My love! I will train you in research
translingual, and I will veto a text,
and to three texts three Saints, and to a circle
literary cooking traditions,
border disputes: and in the Year of Discovery
of an approved text, by Paduan-speaking scribes, for stupidity or vanity,
I will research
what the painters did, from farm to farm
in the green-sublime light of the Po lands...
but above all what he wanted
the class in power: any one, I don't know.
I will compose a monstrous, contemporary work
to the Anti-works, for letter 22, of the new fashion, old figurativeness in
the side of the young lever.
But you have to disappoint. Just a noble swill
of mixed inspirations, demystifies,
if chaos miraculously arrives
to a plastic clarity, let's say, of griffins
Romanesque - thighs, scruffs, chests
swollen like bread, of gray stone that encodes
the full Reality. Shut up, shut up,
voice of every Official, whoever you are.
We must disappoint. Jumping on the embers
like roasted and ridiculous martyrs: the way
of the Truth passes even through the most horrendous
places of aestheticism, hysteria,
of the crazy erudite remake. Gorgeous,
for reasons other than romantic ones-
nationalistic, days of the first sales,
of the first contracts! If I then have enough heart
I will also write a «PASSIONAL STORY
OF ITALIAN POETRY", as well as a vacant anchor
«DEATH OF POETRY» (but I know, full of glory

youthful, which for me is still April,
I am full of lemons and roses...). In that «HISTORY»
(written in octaves, for irony) «I will keep to vile»
any previous accommodation, and, under the sign
primary of Marx, and that, to follow,
of Freud, I will re-establish new hierarchies in the kingdom
of poetic loves: and to existence
literary I will oppose, with my humiliated ingenuity,
the notion of the Unexpressed Existing, without
of which everything is a mystery:
until there was, so recently, the clear awareness of the classes that divide
the world, the magisterium
stylistically it was always dominated by this
that he couldn't say (or know): but it was there.
Dialectical game sunk deep, oh
yes!, to be reconstructed style by style,
because in every word written in the Bel Paese where No sounds, that
Sema was opposed to the style
possessed, the language of a people
which still had to be class, problem
known and resolved only in a dream. Dim
for a long silence I will then burn in «ANOTHER MONOLOGUE»
the impotent anger against the broccoli world
tombstone of Dallas, with a flight
of two lines for Kennedy, and a lax
of seventy times seven (thousand) verses, per Chorus
and Orchestra, with seventy thousand violins and a bass drum, (and a
Bach record), «BRECHTIAN QUOTE»
or «SONGS OF DESECRATION», that is, molasses
plurilingual or monolithic skein: in which ALL HISTORY will appear
vain as THE WORK OF CRAZY PEOPLE.

J

ADOLFA WAS MAD GIUSEPPA MAD MAD THE AMERICAN
ELITE MAD IDEOLOGY MAD THE CHURCHES MAD
THE CHAMPIONS OF IDEOLOGIES AND CHURCHES

WHO BLACKMAIL THE GOOD AND STUPID NORMAL CRAZY
PEOPLE

THE REVOLUTIONARIES FULL OF BOURGEOIS WORTHINESS
WHO SIMPLY CONTINUE TO BE DEPOSITORY
OF MORALISTIC BLACKMAIL TO MAN. Turned on
so these expressionistic candles at the altars of Sex, I will return to
Religion.

And I will write to the undaunted Moravia, a «PASOLINARIA ON
THE WAYS OF BEING A POET», with the report

between sign and thing - and finally

I will reveal my true passion.

Which is furious [or unwilling] [or dying] life

- and therefore, again, the poem:

neither the sign nor the existing thing matters,

Here you are. If man were a Monotype in the Subtopia

of a world without linguistic capitals anymore,

and therefore the word disappeared from all its ways

of hearing and speaking, mystics would hold it

ties still to things, and what things

I am, no longer fixed in the sad

contexts, it would always be new, full of joys

pragmatic truths - no more instrumentality,

labor that translates them into lemons, into roses...

but always and only, light, as reality is

of things when they are in the memory

on the threshold of being nominated, and already

full of their physical glory.

If then I were to discover cancer and die,

I would consider it a win

of that reality of things. Once the filial pity for the world is over, what is
the point of frequenting it anymore?

Ah, no longer standing in the taste of salt

of the world of others (petit-bourgeois, literary)

with a glass of whiskey in his hand and a face like shit,

- that I would only regret not representing him

as it is - before man is lost for me -

in the «DIVINA MIMESIS», work, if ever there was one,
to be done, and, to my torment, so green,
so green, of the green of the past, of my youth, in the yellowed world of
my soul...

But no, no, it's April, I'm more
fresh from a young man who loves
for the first few times... I will throw it down soon, in tone
epistolary, with glosses and parentheses, a buriana
of «mentioned motifs», of «etc.», coats of arms,
quotations, and above all allusiveness
(infinitive self-exhortations and disproportions
of particulars compared to the whole), the
first parodic triplet turned into a magmatic page
of Canto I, in a hurry to reach before the first half, where the archaic,
emphatic Hell

(Romanesque, like the center of our cities
from the suburb now forever doomed)
an insert of Inferno of the age is inserted
neocapitalist, for new types
of sins (excesses in Rationality
and in Irrationality) to integrate the ancients.

And there you will see, in a delightful concrete building, recognizing
friends and enemies,

under the signs of «OPERA INCREMENTO
INFERNAL PUNISHMENTS», TO: THE TOO CONTINENTS:
Conformists (Bellona lounge), Vulgars (a reception
at the Quirinale), Cinici (a conference of journalists
of the Corriere della Sera and similar): and then:
the Weak, the Ambiguous, the Fearful (individualists
these, at their home); b: THE INCONTINENTS, AREA
BEFORE: excess of Rigor (bourgeois socialists,
little right-thinking people who think they are little heroes,
only for the heroic choice of a good flag), excess of Remorse (Soldati,
Piovene); excess of Servility (infinite masses without registry office,
without name, without sex); SECOND ZONE: Reasoning people (Landolfi)
people who sit alone in their toilet; Irrational

from the Endoliteraries [De Gaulle] to the vestals
of Teutonic or Italian Pounds);
Rationals (Moravia, rare avis, and wings
of the neo-gothic Committed)
Oh, blindness of love!
I saw it on two humble cheeks,
on two puppy eyes: it was love,
because smile, she was a little girl
that ran in the heart of the sun -
in the blindness of his love - straight, mean,
with those tattered shrimps,
under a huge aqueduct, on a dock
of mud, between tarred shacks,
- that ran, the little girl, in the heart
of the sun, straight, with the pupils drawn
through the blindness of a humble, unique love,
towards another child creature
running towards her, into the sun
of the dwellings where she was a mother, she - mean,
in his tattered coat,
and ran, creature towards little creature,
with a knowing, aroused smile
together with the other by the same love.
They ran towards each other with their eyes tied
from that contemporary smile in the sun.
Oh Marx - everything is gold - oh Freud - everything
it's love - oh Proust - everything is memory -
oh Einstein - everything is fine - oh Charlot - everything
he is man - oh Kafka - everything is terror -
oh population of my brothers -
oh homeland - oh what reassures identity -
oh peace that allows the wild pain -
oh mark of childhood! Oh golden destiny
built on eros and death, as
a distraction - and its thousand pretexts
laughter, philosophy! Having illusions (love)

differentiates, but in a circle consecrated by irreplaceable texts. I return
with Israel in my heart,
suffering nostalgia for his brother-sons
of Romance, Occitan Europe, with splendor
a little yellowed but full of atrocious poetry
of its bourgeois capitals on the rivers or seas...
Negative norm of love. The true way
of who you want to be is to disappoint. Which is the same
all among them, like the dead:
but it calls into question the sacrals
circle texts. Ergo, waiting for it to bring
a new Great Jew a new everything is
- to whom the disgraced world turns -
we must disappoint, in our small way... Eh!,
you have to abandon your beautiful place in the sun
(and you must leave Israel, Jews!
than the blindness of love
relegates inventions to institutions,
to then reinvent only with the heart;
and even combines nations
with the silence of a mother and a daughter in the sun
- persecuting, right?, the opposition...)
As for me, I too tend (anger) towards such love,
religion of an elegiac son,
who wants to do me honor at all costs.
Nor does it end in the tangle
of life that has happened and is to happen: he wants
reduce everything to its lily order.
Enough, it's funny. Ah dark
tortuosities that lead to an "oppositional destiny"!
But there is no other alternative to my future works.
«PURE OPPOSITION», «PAPA JOHN», or «PASSION
(OR ARCHIVE) OF THE SIXTY YEARS", be it,
the organ where I will first deposit, for viewing
semi-private, as we know, these future works of mine, appear as a path
without alternatives, to me and to the editorial team

of the beardless delegates to the commitment - little company you want
to know: almost by election

of seed. Opposition from those who cannot
to be loved by no one, and no one can love, and therefore places his
love as a no

pre-established, exercise of duty
politics as an exercise of reason.

Finally, ah I know,

never, in my battered passion,

I have never been so corpse-like as I am now

that I take my tabulae presentiae back into my hands -
if real is reality, but later

which has been destroyed in the eternal and in the now
from the obsessed idea of a shining nothingness. 1

But in this reality - ours -

panting behind the destinies of the structures,

- for delay, for delay, in default

death of the previous era -

or in advance, for pain of the end

of the world as its impossible cessation -

I realize a poignant need

of allied minorities. Return, Jews,

at the dawn of this Prehistory,

which smiles to the majority as Reality:

loss of humanity and reconstitution

cultural of the new man - they say

1 Cf., the verse «neither the sign nor the existing thing counts», as well
as passim the entire volume.

the connoisseurs. And in fact the thing is here:

in the atmosphere of a small nation,

which in this case is Italy - yes

a false dilemma between the Revolution and an Entity

which is called Center-Left - with blush

of Linguists... The new course of reality

it is thus admitted and accepted. Come back,

Jews, to contradict him, with the four

cats who have finally clarified
their destiny: goes towards the future
Power, and follows it, in the triumphant act,
the Opposition, power within power.

For those who are crucified to their heartbreaking rationality, macerated
by Puritanism, it no longer makes sense
than an aristocratic, and alas, unpopular opposition.
The Revolution is no more than a feeling.

(November-December 1963)

APPENDIX 1964

VITTORIA

Where are the weapons? I do not know
than those of my reason:
and there is no place in my violence
NOT EVEN FOR A SHADOW OF ACTION
NOT INTELLECTUAL. I'm hilarious
now, if, suggested by the dream,
on a gray morning they saw
dead, and other dead will see, but for us
it's just another morning, I cry
fighting words? I don't know then
what will become of me at noon,
but the old poet is «ab joy»
that speaks, like lauzeta or starling
- and how a young man would like to die.
Where are the weapons? They don't come back
the old days I know, every April
red, of youth, has passed.
Only a dream, of joy, can open
a season of armed pain.
I who was an unarmed partisan
- a mystic, beardless Unnamed -
now I feel the germ in life
horribly smelling of the Resistance.
In the morning the leaves are still
as on the Tagliamento or the Livenza:

it's not a storm coming,
nor a falling evening, it is absence
of life, which is contemplated, held
far from herself, intent on understanding
some terrible, some serene
I still force them to fill it: the scent of April!
an armed young man for every blade of grass,
volunteer out of desire to die!

.....

Well, I wake up for the first time in my life
with the desire to hold a weapon.
The ridiculous thing is that I say it in poetry
- and to four friends from Rome, two from Parma -
who will understand me, in this nostalgia
ideally translated from German, in this calm
archaeological, which contemplates a sunny Italy
and depopulated, home to barbarian partisans,
who descend the Alps or Apennines, along the Old Way...
It's not my dawn frenzy.

At noon I will be with my compatriots
to the works, to the meals, to the reality that it raises
the flag, now white, of the General Destini.
And you, communists, my non-comrades,
shadows of companions, estranged carnal cousins
lost in present days as in distant ones,
unimagined days of the future, you, fathers
nameless, that you have heard calls
which I thought were similar to mine, those that burn
today like abandoned fires,
on the cold plains, along the edges
of sleeping rivers, on bombed mountains...

.....

I take all the blame on myself (old
my vocation, unconfessed, easy effort)
of our desperate weakness
so millions of us, with a life

in common, they were unable
to get to the bottom of it. It's over,
trallallà, let's sing, they fall
the last leaves of the War
and of the martyr's victory, increasingly rare,
destroyed little by little by it
that would be the reality,
not only of the dear Reaction, but of the beautiful one
Nascent social democracy, no worries.
I (happily) take the blame on myself
to have left everything as it was:
of defeat, of distrust, of dirtyness
hope of the Bitter Years, let's go.
And I take the heartbreaking upon myself
pain of the darkest nostalgia,
the one that represents the things regretted
with so much truth, that he hopes
almost as if to recreate them, or reconstruct the broken ones
conditions that required them, let it go...

.....

Where the weapons disappeared, peaceful
productive Italy that doesn't matter to the world?
In the calm slave that justifies
today narrowness like yesterday well-being - from the profound to the
ridiculous - and in the most perfect solitude -
j'accuse! No, calm down, not the Government, or the Latifundi, or the
Monopolies - but only their drudges,
the Italian intellectuals, all of them,
even those who rightly judge themselves
my strong friends. These must have been the worst years of their lives:
for having accepted
A REALITY THAT WASN'T THERE. The fruits
of this connivance, of this embezzled ideal,
I'm that real reality now has no poets.
(Me? I am withered and overcome.)
Now that Togliatti leaves with the echoes

of the last blood strikes,
old, among the prophets
who, alas, were right - I dream in the mud
hidden weapons, in the elegiac mud
among little ones playing, old fathers digging, while melancholy falls
from the tombstones,
the lists of names are cracking,
the grave lids blow off,
and the young corpses with dusters
that he used in those years, the trousers
wide, and on the partisan hair the sachet
military, descend along the walls
where the markets are, down the lanes
which connect the first vegetable gardens to the ridges
of the hills: they come down from the cemeteries. Young men
with something other than love in my eyes:
a secret madness, of men who fight
as if called by a destiny different from theirs.
With that secret that is no longer secret,
they descend silently into the first sun,
and, even so close to death, theirs is the happy step of those who have a
long way to go in the world.

But they are inhabitants of the mountain, of the riverbed
wild of the Po river, of the bottom
of the cold plain. What do they do among us?
They come back, and no one stops them. They don't hide
the weapons - which they hold without pain or joy -
and no one looks at them, as if blinded by modesty
for that obscene flash of machine guns, that step of vultures, who
descend to their dark duty, in the light of the sun.

.....

I would like to see who has the courage to tell him
than the ideal that burns secretly in their eyes
it is finished, it belongs to another time, than children
of their brothers haven't fought for years now
more, and the story cruelly new,

he gave other ideals, he quietly corrupted them...
They will touch, rough as poor barbarians,
the new things that man has developed in these two decades
he gave himself cruel, things incapable of moving
those seeking justice...
But let's party, let's get the bottles
some good wine from the Cooperative...
Here's to new victories and new Bastilles!
Refosco, Bacò... Hurray, Hurray!
Greetings, old man! Come on, comrade!
And best wishes to the lovely group!
It comes from beyond the vineyards, from beyond the pond
of the Fonde, the sun: from the empty tombs,
from white gravestones, from distant times.
But now that violent, absurd, with unknown
voices of emigrants, they are here,
hanged from lampposts, torn apart by garrotes,
Who will lead them in the new struggle?
Take away, he's finally old
as he has throughout his life
wanted, and keeps himself alarmed in his chest
like a pontiff, the good we wish for him,
even if fixed in epic affection,
loyalty that accepts even the most inhuman
fruit of lucidity burnt and tenacious as scabies.
«Every politics is a realpolitik», he says
warrior, with your delicate anger!
You don't recognize another soul, huh? This
where there is all the prose of the clever man,
of the revolutionary attached to honesty
average of man (also complicity
it begins with the murders of the Bitter Years
in protector classicism, which he does
the decent communist): you don't recognize the heart
who becomes the slave of his enemy, and goes
where the enemy goes, led by history

which is the story of both of them, and makes them, deep down,
strangely brothers; you don't recognize fears
of a conscience that, struggling with the world,
shares the rules of struggle over the centuries,
as if from a pessimism in which they sink,
to become more virile, hopes. Glad
of a joy that knows no behind the scenes
is this army - blind in the blind
sun - of dead young people, who comes
and wait. If his father, his boss,
it leaves him alone in the white mountains, in the serene
plains - absorbed in a mysterious debate
with Power, linked to its dialectics
that history renews without peace -
slowly inside the barbaric chests
of children, hatred becomes love for hatred,
burning only in them, the few, the blessed.
Ah, Despair that knows no codes!
Ah, Anarchy, free love
of Holiness, with your brave songs!

.....

I also take the blame for trying upon myself
betraying, of fighting by surrendering,
of accepting the good as the lesser evil,
symmetrical antinomies that I hold
in hand like old habits...
All the problems of man, with their terribleness
wanting us to be ambiguous (the knot of solitudes
of the self that feels itself dying
and you don't want to appear before God naked):
I take everything upon myself, in order to understand,
from within, the fruit of that ambiguity:
a lovely man, hence this April
incalculable, a thousand young people descended from the afterlife,
they wait confidently for a sign that he has
the strength of faith without mercy,

to consecrate their humble anger.
Poignant, the uncertainty is in him, Nenni
with which he put himself and the skilled back into play
coherence, the accepted greatness.

With whom he renounced the epic affection
which he could rightfully have become accustomed to
his soul: and, leaving Brecht's scene,
to retreat into the dark backgrounds,
where the uncertain hero learns new real words,
he broke the chain at his own expense
which tied him to the people like an old idol,
giving his old age new pain.

The young Cervi, my brother Guido,
the boys who fell in Reggio in the Sixties,
with their chaste, their strong, their faithful
eye, seat of the holy light,
they look at it, and wait for the old words.

But he, a now divided hero, is missing
now of the voice that touches the heart:
turns to reason not reason,
to the sad sister of reason, who wants
understand reality in reality, with passion
which rejects all extremism, all temerity.

What to tell him? That reality has a new tension that is what it is, and no
longer has

more sense than accepting it...

THAT THE REVOLUTION BECOMES DRYNESS

YOU HAVE NEVER VICTORY... maybe it's not too late
for those who want to win, but not with violence
some old, desperate weapons...

That you have to sacrifice coherence
to the inconsistency of life, attempt a dialogue
creator, even against our conscience.

That reality, even of this small, miser
State, it is more than us, it is always an immense thing:
and we must return, even if it is so bitter...

But what reason do you want me to listen to this anxious one
mob of men, who left - how
the songs say - the house, the bride,
life itself, precisely in the name of Reason?

.....

But there is perhaps a part of Nenni's soul that wants to say to these
companions - who came from over there,
with military clothes, holes in the soles
of bourgeois shoes, and their youth
innocently bloodthirsty -
«Where are the weapons? Come on, come on,
take them, from the straw, from the mud,
Can't you see that nothing has changed?
Those who cried are still crying.
Those of you who have pure and innocent hearts
let them go and talk in the middle of the hovels,
to the houses of the poor people,
than behind its alleys and its walls
hides the shameful plague, passivity
of those who know they are cut off from future days.
Those of you who have a heart
devoted to damned lucidity,
go to laboratories, schools,
to remember that nothing in recent years has
changed the quality of knowledge, eternal pretext,
useful and sweet form of Power, never truth.
Those of you who obey an honest
old imperative of religion
let them go among the growing children
with a heart empty of any real passion,
to remember that their new evil
it is always, still the division of the world. Those
finally among you to whom a sad casual birth
in families without hope, has given hard shoulders, curly hair of a
criminal, dark cheekbones, eyes without mercy, go, for starters, to the
Crespis, the Agnellis, the Vallettas, the powerful people of the Societies

who brought Europe to the banks of the Po:
the hour has come for each of them
proportion to how much he had and how much he hated.
Those who have taken away from the common good
precious capital, which no law can
punish, well, go, tie them with the rope
of massacres. At the end of Piazzale Loreto
some are still there, repainted
petrol pumps, red in the quiet
little sunshine of spring returning
with its destiny: it's time to make a burial ground again."

.....

They're leaving... Help, they're turning their backs on us,
their backs under their heroic jackets
of beggars, of deserters... They are so serene
the mountains to which they return, beats
so light the machine gun on their side, in step
which is that of when the sun goes down, on the intact ones
forms of life - returned the same in the lower part
and deep inside! Help, they're leaving! They return to their silent days in
Marzabotto or Via Tasso...

With a split head, our head, darling
humble of the family, big head of the second son, my brother resumes
his bloody sleep, alone
among the dry leaves, the warm hays
of a forest in the pre-Alps - in pain
and the peace of an endless Sunday...

.....

Yet, this is a day of victory!
Fine

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